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MR. STANLEY AND HIS GALLANT COMRADES "IN DARKEST AFRICA": MASAI WARRIORS IN THE REAR.

FIERCE FIGHT AT "AVI SIBBA": LIEUT. STAIRS WOUNDED WITH AN ARROW.

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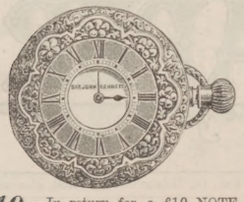

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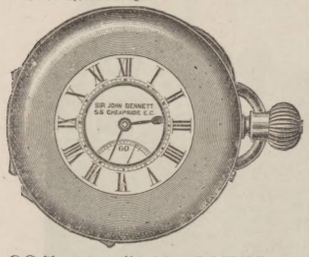

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

The Session is Dead.

It ended, practically, last week. Henceforward there is not likely—whatever the Government may say or do—to be much contested business in the matter still left for the consideration of Parliament. There will be the Estimates, and little besides the Estimates. Everything else is dead. The House is dead: it has the air of a cemetery, with a smell of decayed or decaying Bills about. I have never seen quite such a breakdown, though the records of previous sessions towards the end of the 1880 Parliament were perilously like it. It is all too long—three years are an ample term for a British Parliament, and, if it were not heresy to hint such a thing, I should add that the third year might very profitably be cut off. But with our seven, or six, or even five-year Parliaments, the latter half of the term is hopelessly thrown away. You can't keep the steam up. The battery wants recharging. The sooner the coming statesman—whoever he may be—gives us short Parliaments the better for the Constitution. Nothing but that or the Referendum will save Parliamentary government from the just contempt of all men.

So Lord Carnarvon

is gone. His death was long expected, and was a merciful release from such agonies as he endured. He was an estimable and enlightened man, and he was a force in politics which we could ill spare. He wanted the supreme qualities

THE LATE EARL OF CARNARVON.

for leadership—energy, decision, resolute persistence in the path which he had chosen—and he was always more the creature of his intellect than his will. But he had a singularly luminous intelligence, and he saw much *righter* than many men who followed more closely the party lead. Personally he was insignificant in appearance, and, though very clear and reasonable in speech, he did not impress you as Lord Salisbury or Lord Beaconsfield. I remember hearing him on the County Franchise, and being utterly disappointing with him. But he was not always disappointing. At the Colonial Office he was much respected for his courtesy, culture, industry, and knowledge. He had travelled much, and knew the Empire better, perhaps, than any modern English statesman, save only Sir Charles Dilke. He was a Conservative with progressive instincts—not quite hard enough for the rough work of politics, but full of gifts and graces. Like the late Lord Derby, who much admired him, he was a fine scholar, and his translation of the "Agamemnon" enjoys a high repute. Lord Carnarvon, whose genial face will be recognised in the Portrait given, was a staunch Freemason, of which body he was the Most Worshipful Pro-Grand Master, being only second to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is Grand Master of the Masonic brotherhood in Great Britain.

Lord Randolph Churchill

is reappearing in politics. He has returned to England, and is once more constant in his attendance at the House (when not on the stump at Barrow), and is surrounded by the busy little group of friends, adventurers, advisers, and confidants which at the different stages of his career he always gathers round him. There has been talk of bringing him back to power, of making him Leader in the Commons, and what not. But nothing will come of these things. Lord Randolph has not yet any following worth mentioning. He is still distrusted, disliked, and feared by the heads of the party. He has no great wealth at his command, and his ambitions now run just as much in the racing line as in politics. And then, though I am a great admirer of his really marvellous talents as a speaker and even a statesman, I am reluctantly driven to the conclusion that he is too fickle, too uncertain, too shifty ever to make a great political leader. By degrees all his friends are driven to this conclusion. All his great social charm—all his wonderful flexibility of mind and temper—all his wit and brilliancy and force—go for nothing in face of the unalterable conviction of the majority of men who watch his career that he is not a stayer. I devoutly wish it were otherwise. I think—to vary my metaphor—that he has a keener "nose" for politics—a shrewder calculation of the chances of the future—a more intuitive grasp of great movements than many of his contemporaries. But then comes the fatal black spot which mars everything—the want of moral balance for which nothing can compensate. "He might do anything," sigh his friends (and he has many), "if he would." But he won't.

The Late Lord Magheramorne.

One heard that he had been failing for some time, and his death was no surprise. I do not think I saw him a dozen times since he got his title; but when I recall Sir James McGarel Hogg I seem to be summoning up one of the most familiar ghosts of my Parliamentary past. There used to be complaints of his management of the Board of Works—of his long absenteeism on his Scotch estate—and other matters which it is no use recalling here and now. He was a Conservative of the Conservatives; but he was a good man of business, and a more zealous Parliamentary representative the Board of Works could not have had. I can see him now, with his military face, white mutton-chop whiskers, the dull splutter in his voice, his long-winded but very patient replies, his prosy speeches, his irritability, his pride in his position and the body he represented. He was anti-everything; he hated reform, but he loved good business ways. He belonged to a fading type of public men, which had its merits and its faults. Perhaps for the work he had to do the first preponderated.

The O'Gorman Mahon.

I note that an old and very picturesque figure was present at the banquet to Mr. Parnell at the Westminster Palace Hotel. This was the O'Gorman Mahon. For months we heard that the dear old boy was on the brink of the grave. But he has now picked up his health again, and is still a cheery veteran, somewhere on the right side of ninety, his speech garnished with strange old-world phrases, and—well, let us say *façons de parler*—much after the type of Major Pendennis, his manner full of the strange tender courtesies of a day that is dead. What has not that old man seen? Duels almost by the dozen has he fought. Many strange lands, and many strange adventures in them, does he know. More than one generation of Parliamentary statesmen has he seen and survived. Bright loved him (I wish I could quote one of the O'Gorman speeches to him on a certain historic occasion); Gladstone loves him still. His tall form is bent now, his handsome old face (how the women must have adored it once upon a time!) is very wrinkled and white now. But he is still a splendid and stately figure, which none forget who have seen it. And the talk is as rich and ebullient—I hate the word, but nothing else quite expresses what I want to say—as ever. Vigeat semper!

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

Charles Hannan, a boy twelve years of age, has died at Hanwell from the results of a blow from a cricket-ball. He was playing cricket with some companions, when the ball struck him behind the ear. He fell, and was picked up unconscious, and died a few hours afterwards.

The Inquest on the body of Mrs. Grace Ethel Hall, a barrister's wife, who recently died under suspicious circumstances, was concluded at Marylebone on the 27th ult., after Lieutenant De Ponthieu had given evidence. A verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned against Albert Luermann, a medical man, who has been for some days in custody on a charge of causing her death.

Thomas Harding, a builder of Kentish Town, who shot and killed Florence Verney in the Victory public-house on May 21, has been tried at the Central Criminal Court. Sir C. Russell, for the prisoner, pleaded that he was insane at the time the offence was committed, and called some evidence to that effect. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to death.

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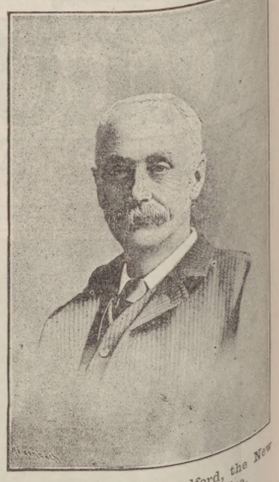

Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, the New Chief Commissioner of Police.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Debenham and Gould, Glen View Studio, Bournemouth.

For the sake of the peace of the Metropolis, it is sincerely to be hoped that the able new Commissioner of Police, Sir Edward Bradford, K.C.S.I., will receive the hearty support of all who are interested in the preservation of good order in London. The capital is a nation in itself. It is of the highest importance that the millions of peace-loving citizens in the metropolitan area should be safeguarded, as they have been hitherto, by a zealous and devoted Police Force, whose reasonable demands for the consideration of their lot, presented with due regard to discipline, will, without doubt, I should think, receive that favourable consideration which they deserve from the powers that be. Colonel Sir Edward Ridley Colbourne Bradford is spoken well of by all who have been associated with him. It is to the prime of life that he succeeds Mr. James Monro, the esteemed Chief Commissioner. The resignation has been so much regretted. The Indian career of Sir Edward Bradford was traced in these pages last week, so it is only necessary for me to say that he is a son of the Rev. William Bradford, Rector of West Meon, Southampton, that he was a Colonel in the Madras Staff Corps, that he took a serviceable part in the Persian Campaign of '57, and in the Indian Mutiny operations which crushed the Indian Mutiny, and subsequently acted as agent for the Governor-General at Rajpootana. Sir Edward Bradford's tact and bonhomie were made known to the Prince of Wales during H.R.H.'s visit to India, and also during the Indian tour of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, to whose staff Sir Edward acted as Chief of Staff. The new Chief Commissioner will have the advantage of the assistance of capable officers; the Home Secretary having appointed Mr. Howard as Assistant Commissioner, and Captain Cyprien Knollys as Assistant Chief Constable.

Colonel Sir James Fraser,

who has resigned the post of Commissioner of City Police, on account of his age, merits the warmest thanks of Londoners for the thorough, admirable manner in which he has, with unvarying tact, sound judgment, and good temper, for many years past discharged the onerous duties of his high office. The City Police are a model force, thanks in a great measure to Sir James Fraser's wise administration. The Court of Common Council did no more than was right in moving a vote of esteem and good wishes to Sir James. It would be only in accordance with the generosity of the City Fathers on such occasions to follow up their resolution by commencing the substantial. Sir James Fraser commenced his career in the Army. Entering the 35th Regiment as a cadet, he rose to be its Colonel. He rose for seven years Chief Constable of Berks before he accepted the City Commissionership, which he has honourably held since the year 1864.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Smith,

who was Chief Superintendent of the City Police, was at once nominated by the Lord Mayor to be *pro tem.* Commissioner of City Police. Many members of the Common Council rightly cheered this nomination, and evidently thought he would make an admirable successor to Sir James Fraser. And so he would. Colonel Smith, as Commissioner, has often acted as City Police Commissioner, and has the splendid force of City Police well in hand. Well aware of his real value and ability, the Civic authorities will do well to retain Colonel Smith's temporary appointment as Commissioner of City Police. I may add that Colonel Smith, in addition to his own duties, organised and commanded the special constables enrolled in the City in 1887, and he received the thanks of the Police Committee for the able and judicious manner in which, during Sir James Fraser's absence of leave, he handled the force in the time of tension and anxiety occasioned by the Docks strike last year.

The Bavarian Passion Play,

which is treated at some length in another column, has already been made the subject of a score or more books, all of which, however, are merely reminiscences of ten years ago. We are now to have two new works, treating of the play as it is to be seen to-day. One comes from the pen of Archdeacon Farrar, the other from London with our portraits, that Maier is a wood-carver, forty-seven years of age, and that the young lady who personates the Virgin Mary is Rose Daisenberger, daughter of the Burgomaster of Ober-Ammergauers have a rule that only an unmarried woman can personate the Virgin, and Miss Rosl Lang will not perform ten years hence, as she is to be married to a well-to-do forester (superintendent of the Royal Woods) in October next. Young Rendl, who takes the part of

The Apostle John,

will be seen, a very girlish appearance. He is nineteen years old, and looks forward, ten years hence, to taking the part of Christ. By trade a wood-carver, he is engaged during this present busy year as a waiter at one of the small hotels in the village. Judas, or Johann Zwink, is a house-painter, thirty-two years old.

Mrs. Kendal's Welcome Home.

I dropped in at the Hôtel Métropole just to see all pleasant things to Mrs. Kendal, who was looking radiant in the midst of an enormous circle of friends. Carriages completely blocked Northumberland place, and titled visitors, artists, actors, musicians, and authors came to do honour to the accomplished pair. Mr. Kendal said they had been amazingly successful during their American tour. Mrs. Kendal has a right to the success she received, for she may be said to have been born an actress. Her birthplace is Great Grimsby, and when only four years of age she appeared at the Marylebone Theatre as a blind child in "The Seven Poor Travellers"; and she played, when a child, Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." After a career in the provinces, she appeared at the Haymarket, as Ophelia, the late Walter Montgomery being Hamlet. She also played, later, Desdemona to the Othello of the black tragedian Ira Aldridge, and several other Shakesperean characters. Her pleasant successes since are well known to all playgoers, and her wonderful success as Galatea helped so much to make Mr. W. S. Gilbert's charming piece so popular. For years Mrs. Kendal has been one of the brightest ornaments of the English stage, and we hope to see her shine in another important part. Few modern actresses are so highly esteemed on the stage and are more respected in private life as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

The New Sheriffs.

The friends of Mr. Augustus Harris are exulting in this election as a Sheriff, and predicting for him the same brilliant career as that which has already fallen to the lot of his father, Mr. Augustus Harris, Sheriff-elect. Harris, Sheriff-elect. Harris, Sheriff-elect.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, SHERIFF-ELECT.

gaining the esteem and confidence of the Senior Sheriff, Mr. W. Farmer, is an excellent choice. Mr. Farmer hails from Australia. Thus the proud motto "Advance," applies to his career. Born in Australia, he went to Sydney as a youth, to take part in his grandfather's drapery firm, and remained in the country until 1874, when he returned to London as a prominent member of the shipping firm of Money, Wigram and Co., of Aldermanbury. The Prince of Wales has been a frequent guest of the Sheriff at Sandringham Park, Sunningdale, when visiting Ascot, a lovely place, and H.R.H. has frequently complimented Mr. Farmer most highly upon his home and his hospitality. Mr. Farmer is a strong Conservative and a Primrose Leaguer, and in every good work for the City Mr. Farmer is a prominent man. People, of course, know more of Augustus Druriolanus, but the City Mr. Farmer is regarded as the best Sheriff that could have been made. His election will be extremely popular in the Colonies.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan.

"Do not be surprised," said Mr. Gilbert to a friend with whom he chatted the other day, "that I have not yet finished the libretto of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera. You see, it is a grand opera, and in writing a comic opera who troubles about the libretto? In comic operas it was a different matter. The audience entered freely into the subject, and the attention of the audience was equally divided between the book and the music. The public will see, I imagine, because I don't write the libretto of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, that I am working altogether." It is a different school altogether." Whatever differences may have been between Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Gilbert, it is certain that they have recently been in friendly intercourse over business arrangements, and there is the slightest doubt as to the reports of a coldness being greatly exaggerated. Meanwhile "The Gondoliers" still proves extremely

MISS ELLA RUSSELL, THE BRILLIANT TRAVIATA AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

attractive, and the fact of Sir Arthur Sullivan adopting the suggestion made to him after writing "The Golden Legend," to produce a grand opera, need not prevent his composing another "Pinafore," "Patience," or "Mikado," if Mr. Gilbert should hit upon a happy subject.

Miss Lottie Venne.

In the farcical comedy of "Nerves," I think I like Miss Lottie Venne as much as in any character I have seen her perform. Her idea of the Court Milliner is so bright and piquant that it helps the representation greatly. Miss Lottie Venne was first heard of as an actress at the Nottingham Theatre in 1869, and the year after that, at Brighton, she played Robin Hood in the pantomime so prettily that her fame reached London. In 1873 she was in Miss Litton's company at the Court Theatre, playing Zayda in "The Happy Land." For a long time she was only recognised as a burlesque actress, but when she was seen in Mr. Burnand's "Betsy," at the Criterion, all doubts of her capacity as a comedy actress vanished. Miss Lottie Venne has a style entirely her own; she can deliver sparkling and witty lines in such a manner as to enhance their point and significance; and, as I have remarked, her acting in the piece at the Comedy displays her talent to the greatest advantage.

Colonel Euan Smith

deserves portraying at this moment, because he has been of considerable service to Lord Salisbury in the series of important negotiations which preceded the Anglo-German agreement by which Germany consents to Great Britain's protectorate over Zanzibar and the other East African concessions to this country, in consideration of our giving up the Island of Heligoland to Germany, and recognising her right to certain territories in Africa. Colonel Smith, C.S.I., C.B., entered the

COLONEL EUAN SMITH.

Madras Army in 1859, passing examinations for proficiency in Hindustani and Persian languages. He served with the late Lord Napier of Magdala in the Abyssinian War, being greatly trusted by that eminent military chief. Private secretary to the late Sir Bartle Frere on special missions to the Sultans of Zanzibar and Muscat in 1872, he gained experience which proved of much use to him since. He served with distinction in the Afghan War, being honourably mentioned in the despatches and receiving the medals for the campaign. He acquitted himself well in a variety of political posts in India, and was in 1887 appointed her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, where his great abilities are highly appreciated.

Carlyle on Cholera.

The recent outbreak of cholera in Spain is a very serious fact, and I am reminded of a passage in a letter from Thomas Carlyle to his friend Neuberg, Oct. 8, 1854, in which he says: "I sometimes privately wonder how the editors can keep maintaining with such composure that it all depends on air. In my native village, one of the clearest spots under the sun, it has killed nine persons out of one thousand, which is about twice the proportion of victims in London." In the same letter Carlyle also refers to the deaths from cholera in Skye.

English Tourists at the Paris Opera.

What is this little storm they are making in Paris about English tourists at the Opéra? "How many times," writes a correspondent of the *Petit Journal*, "have I seen these impudent visitors trailing their foul waterproofs in the lobbies and displaying their ragged garments in the stalls by the side of French ladies, who turn their heads aside in disgust and lose all pleasure in the performance! If the reader has not seen them as they pass by the ticket-office and ascend the marble staircase rigged out like footpads, he has seen nothing. It is a scandal which has already lasted too long, and must be put a stop to." Quite right. When we go to Rome we should do as the Romans do, and the Parisians are quite welcome to make evening-dress compulsory, as it is at Covent-Garden in the opera season. Indeed, the wonder is that they have not done so before. THE PROMPTER.

"**The Only Ground** on which I seriously regret the cession of Heligoland" (says Mr. Labouchere in *Truth*) "is that it would in a year or two's time have supplied at once a title and a territory for Prince Henry of Battenberg. 'Duke of Heligoland' would not only have sounded well, but the Duke might have been made Governor at the first vacancy, to the satisfaction of all parties. If, after that, it had been thought desirable to cede the island, the Germans might have been induced to take over the Duke too, and that would have done much to soften the blow."

A Singular Breach of Promise Case. Day v. Roberts, has been heard in the Queen's Bench Division. It appeared that the plaintiff, daughter of a Birmingham gentleman, had some years ago gone through a form of marriage with the defendant; but it transpired that he had a wife living, and proceedings were instituted against him both for bigamy and divorce. At a trial in Birmingham, the plaintiff was awarded damages amounting in all to £2500, and a rule for a new trial or non-suit was now applied for. In the result, it was agreed between the parties that the verdict for the plaintiff should stand at £1250, and the costs of the action, the Court expressing satisfaction with the arrangement.

Two Boys, brothers, at Bolton, seeing a ladder standing against an unfinished large cotton warehouse, decided to ascend. The fifth storey was almost reached, when Thomas Anderson, sixteen years of age, fell a distance of some thirty yards, and was instantly killed.

CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health*.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Miss Ella Russell

has this season again charmed the numerous patrons of Mr. Augustus Harris at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, never more popular than it has been this summer, when it has been one of the sights of London to witness the royal gatherings of the be-diamonded belles of the fashionable world, with the Countess of Dudley, Lady De Grey, Lady Randolph Churchill, and the Duchess of Manchester at their head. This fair and bewitching prima donna of the sweet, nightingale-like voice is undeniably one of the most dulcet of living singers. It is a rare delight to hear her either as the seductive Violetta in the florid light music of "La Traviata," or as the romantic heroine of Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," in "Don Giovanni" or "Les Huguenots," and I own I should very much like to hear this popular lyric artist also in "Carmen," albeit Miss Zélie de Lussan is just now regarded as *the* bright particular exponent of the part of Bizet's gipsy heroine. Miss Ella Russell is an American. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, she emigrated in 1880 to place herself under the tuition of the celebrated teacher Anna de Lagrange, with whom she practised assiduously for three years. She studied the dramatic art at the same time with Professor Edouard Phique, of the Paris Grand Opéra. Ella Russell has one of those sunshiny natures which are an abiding charm to all around her. Endowed with this bright beauty, who can wonder that she made a good impression at her début in Prato, Tuscany? She subsequently sang with success in Florence, Milan, and for a couple of seasons in Turin. Increasing the sum total of harmony, doubtless, existing in the sunny land of Spain, for she is a songstress with a very fascinating style, Ella Russell next entered into an operatic engagement to sing with the famous tenor Tamberlik in Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, Valladolid, and Cadiz. From Spain she went to Warsaw, achieving fresh laurels there and in other Polish cities. Vienna, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin are likewise familiar with her enchanting voice. As for us music-lovers in London, have we not all gladly paid homage to her winsome style and captivating notes, ever since she first sang at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, five years ago? It will serve to indicate the wide range of Miss Ella Russell's talents, and to convey a notion how hard she has studied her art, if I add that her sweet soprano voice has been heard to advantage in "Rigoletto," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Linda di Chamounix," "Il Traviata," "Fra Diavolo," "Guglielmo Tell," "Mefistofele," "Les Huguenots," the "Pescatori di Perle," "La Sonnambula," "Don Giovanni," "Aïda," "Roméo et Juliette," "Il Flauto Magico," and the "Nozze di Figaro." I have not the least doubt Miss Ella Russell would also make an ideal Elsa in "Lohengrin" or Eva in "Die Meistersinger," the extraordinary popularity of which has been shown this week by Mr. Harris's announcement of an extra performance of Wagner's sweet lyric comedy on Wednesday night.

While poor Mrs. Langtry, suffering from pleurisy, was still kept to her bed, her clever young leading actor, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, reopened the St. James's Theatre upon his own account on June 26, with an entertaining programme enough. There was, in the first place, a charmingly sympathetic one-act piece by Lady Violet Greville—"Old Friends," well acted by the ladies engaged in the little play, Miss Annie Irish and Miss M. Illington. Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's new comedy from the French, "Your Wife," had been made familiar by the late Mr. Ernest Warren's adaptation of the same comedy, called "Borrowed." As I laughed consumedly at the droll situations of "Your Wife," I am in duty bound to recommend a visit to the St. James's, where Mr. Arthur Bourchier borrows a friend's wife for three acts, in order to make his peppery uncle from Africa (he should have been made up to resemble Mr. Stanley) believe he is married. In the end, Bourchier is found out, but his only punishment is that he secures the hand of the cousin he loves. "Your Wife" is amusingly acted by Mr. Bourchier, Mr. Everill, Mr. E. Lawford, and Mr. H. De Lange, Miss Annie Irish, Miss Edith Chester, and Miss Adrienne Dairolles. The smart young author was called, but did not appear. By far the most attractive novelty of the week (novelty so far as North London is concerned) is the commencement of a fortnight's season of Mr. Irving's famous Lyceum Company at the Grand, our foremost Actor-Manager appearing in "The Bells." THESPIS.

A GOOD AUTHOR.

"Do you account him one of your good authors?"

"Morally, yes. From a literary standpoint he is not in it."

THE MAN

who talks in his sleep has at least the happiness of knowing that he does not hear all the foolishness he utters.

Mr. Rochefort Maguire, Nationalist, has been returned to Parliament, unopposed, for North Donegal, in the room of Mr. O'Doherty, resigned.

The Earl of Carnarvon Died, we regret to say, last Saturday, at his residence in Portman-square, after a short illness. The death of Lord Magheramorne, better known as Sir James M'Garel Hogg, is also recorded, at the age of sixty-seven.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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PART II.—CHAPTER V.

ONLY A SIMPLE SERVICE.

MRS. ELSTREE took the card that the maid brought her. She started up, mechanically touched her hair—which was of the feathery and fluffy kind—and her dress, with the woman's instinct to see that everything was in order: the quick colour rose to her cheek—perhaps from the heat of the fire. "Yes," she said, "I am at home." She was sitting beside the fire in the drawing-room of Armorel's flat. It was a cold afternoon in March: outside, a black east wind raged through the streets; it was no day for driving or for walking: within, soft carpets, easy-chairs, and bright fires invited one to stay at home. This lady, indeed, was one of those who love warmth and physical ease above all other things. Actually to be warm, lazily warm, without any effort to feel warmth, afforded her a positive and distinct physical pleasure, just as a cat is pleased by being stroked. Therefore, though a book lay in her lap, she had not been reading. It is much pleasanter to lie back and feel warm, with half-closed eyes, in a peaceful room than to be led away by some impetuous novelist into uncomfortable places, cold places, fatiguing places.

She started, however, and the book fell to the floor, where it remained. And she rose to her feet when the owner of the card came in. The relict of Jerome Elstree was still young, and grief had as yet destroyed none of her beauty. She looked better, perhaps, in the morning—which says a great deal.

"Alec?" she murmured—her eyes as soft as her voice. "I thought you would come this afternoon."

"Are you quite alone, Mrs. Elstree?" he asked, with a look of warning.

"Quite, Mr. Feilding. And since the door is shut, and we are quite alone—why—then"—— She laughed, held out both her hands, and put up her face like a child.

He took her hands and bent to kiss her lips.

"Zoe," he said, "you grow lovelier every day. Last night"—— He kissed her again.

"Lovelier than Philippa?"

"What is Philippa beside you? An iceberg beside a—a garden of flowers"——

"There is beauty in icebergs, I have read."

"Never mind Philippa, dear Zoe. She is nothing to us."

"I don't mind her a bit, Alec, if you don't. If you begin to mind her—— But we will wait until that happens. Why are you here to-day?"

"I have come to call upon Mrs. Elstree, widow of my poor friend Jerome Elstree."

"Ce pauvre Jerome! The tears come into my eyes"—in fact, they did at that moment—"look!—when I think of him. So often have I spoken of his virtues and his untimely fate that he has really lived. I never before understood that there are ghosts of men who never lived as well as ghosts of the dead."

"And I came to call upon your charge, Miss Rosevean."

"Yes"—she said this dubiously, perhaps jealously—"so I supposed. Why did you send me here, Alec? You have always got some reason for everything. There was no need for my coming—I was doing as well as I expect to do."

The young man looked about the room without replying to this question.

"Someone," he said presently, "has furnished this room who knows furniture."

"It was Armorel herself. I have no taste—as you know."

"And how do you get on with her? Are you happy here, Zoe?"

"I am as happy as I ever expect to be—until"——

"Yes, yes," he interrupted impatiently. "You like her, then?"

"I like her as much as I can like any woman. You know, Alec, I am not greatly in love with my own sex. If there were no other women in the world than just enough to dress me, get my dinner, and keep my house clean, I should not murmur. Eve was the happiest of women, in spite of the difficulties she must have had in keeping up with the fashion. Because, you see, she was the only woman."

"No doubt. And now tell me about this girl."

"She is rich. To be rich is everything. Money makes an angel of every woman. When I was eighteen, and first met you, Alec, I was rich. Then you saw the wings sticking out visibly one on each shoulder, didn't you? They are gone now—at least," she looked over her shoulder, "I see them no longer."

"I heard she was rich. Where did the money come from?"

"It has been saving up for I don't know how long. The girl is only twenty-one, and she has about thirty thousand pounds, besides all kinds of precious things worth I don't know how much."

"Jagenal told me she was comfortably off—'comfortably,' he said—but—thirty thousand pounds!"

"The mere thought of so much makes your eyes glow quite poetically, Alec. Write a poem on thirty thousand pounds. Well, that is what she has, and all her own, without any drawbacks: no nasty poor relations—no profligate brothers—to nibble and gnaw. She has not either brother or sister—an enviable lot when one has money. When one has no money, a brother—a successful brother—might be useful."

"And how do you get on with her?"

"I think we do pretty well together. But my post is precarious."

"Why?"

"Because the young woman is pretty, rich, and masterful. It is a curious thing about women that the most masterful soonest find their master."

"You mean that she will marry."

"If she gets engaged, being rich, she will certainly marry at once. Until she marries I believe we can get on together, because she is totally independent of me. This afternoon, for example, she has gone out to look at pictures somewhere, with a girl she has picked up somehow—a girl who writes."

"But, my dear Zoe, you must look after her. Don't let her pick up girls and make friendships. You are here to look after her. I hoped that you would gain her complete confidence—become indispensable to her."

"Oh! that is why you sent me here? Pray, my dear Alec, what can Armorel be to you?"

"Nothing, dear child," he replied, patting her soft hand, "that will bring any discord between you and me. But—make yourself indispensable and necessary to her."

"You will tell me, I dare say, presently, what you mean. But you don't know this young islander. Necessary to me she is, as you know. Necessary to her I shall never become. We have nothing in common. I can do nothing for her at all, except go out to theatres and concerts and things in the evening. Even then our tastes clash. I like to laugh; she likes to sit solemnly, with big eyes staring—so—as if she was receiving inspiration. I like comic operas, she likes serious plays; I like dance music, she likes classical music; I like the fool's paradise, she likes—the other kind, where they all behave so well and are under no illusions. In fact, Armorel takes herself quite seriously all round. Of course, a girl with such a fortune can take herself anyhow she pleases."

"She knows how to dress, apparently. Most advanced girls disdain dress."

"But she is not an advanced girl. She is only a girl who knows a great deal. She is not in the least emancipated. Why, she still professes the Christian religion. She is just a girl who has set herself resolutely to learn all she can. She has been about it for five years. When she began, I understand that she knew nothing. What she means to do with her knowledge I have not learned. She talks French and German and Italian. You have heard her play? Very well: you can't beat that. You shall see some of her drawings. They are rather in your style, I think. A highly cultivated girl. That is all."

"A female prig? A consciously superior person?"

"Not a bit. Rather humble-minded. But masterful and independent. Where she fails is, of course, in ordinary talk. She can't talk—she can only converse. She doesn't know the pictures and painters, and poets and novelists of the day—she doesn't know a single person in society. She doesn't know any personal history at all. And she doesn't care about any. That is Armorel."

"I see," he replied thoughtfully. "Things will be difficult, I am afraid."

"What things? Oh! there is another point in which she differs from people of society."

"Yes?"

"When you and I, dear Alec, think and talk of people, we conclude that they are exactly like ourselves—do we not? Quite worldly and selfish, you know. Everyone with his little show to run for himself. Now, Armorel, on the other hand, concludes that everyone is like—not us—but herself. Do you catch the difference? There is a difference, you know."

"Sometimes, Zoe, I seem not to understand you. But never mind. Under your influence"——

"I have no influence at all with her. I never shall have."

"But, my dear Zoe, why are you here? I want you—I repeat—to exercise an overwhelming influence."

"Oh! It is impossible. Consider—you who know me so well—how can I influence a girl who is always seeking after great things? She wants everything noble and lofty and pure. She has what they call a great soul—and I—oh! Alec, you know that I am long to the infinitely little souls. There are a few of great number of us, but we are very contemptible. "Let us contemplate," she murmured softly, "to bring me some new hope, devise some way"——

"Let us think," he replied. "Let us contrive—

"Enough about Armorel. Tell me now about yourself."

"I am always the same."

"You have come, perhaps, this afternoon, Alec—at last—some hope?"

"I have no new hope to give you, child."

Both sat in silence, looking into the firelight.

"It is seven years—seven years," said Zoe, "since I had my great quarrel with Philippa. She was eighteen then—and so was I—I charged her with throwing herself at your head, you know. So she did. So she does still. Why, I saw it in her eyes last night, I saw it in her attitude when she was talking to you. She swore after the row we had that she would never speak to me again. But we see she has broken that vow. I was eighteen, Alec, and I was rich, a good deal richer than Philippa ever will be. When you and I became engaged, Yes, was twenty-one. That is four years ago, Alec—engaged a year or two, and the girl you were—engaged to will be thin and faded. For your sake, my dear boy, I hope that you will not keep her waiting very much longer before you present her to the world."

"My dear child, could I help the smash that came—the smash and scandal? When the whole town was ringing with your father's smash and his suicide, and the ruin of I don't know how many people, was that the moment for us to step forward and take the hands before the world?"

"No; you certainly could not. As a man of the world, you would have been justified in breaking off the thing—especially as it was only a day or two old."

"I could not let you go, Zoe," he said, with a touch of real tenderness. "I was mad with—I really think at the time you were truly and madly in love. Else, at the next day."

"I have never repented, dear Zoe—never once."

"Perhaps you calculated that something would be saved out of the smash. Perhaps, for once in your life, you never calculated at all upon anything. Well—I consented to keep the thing a secret."

"You know that it was necessary."

"You said so. I obeyed. But four years—four years—and no prospect of a termination. Consider, Alec." She pleaded as she had spoken before, in the same soft, caressing, murmuring tone.

"I do consider, Zoe. You can have your freedom again. I have no right"——

"Nonsense! My freedom? It is your own that you want. My freedom?" she repeated, but with no raising her voice. "Mine? What could I do with it—now? Whither could I turn? Do not advise you, think that I will ever while I live restore your freedom to you."

"I spoke in your own interest, believe me."

"I am now what you have made me. You know what that is. You know what I was four years ago."

"I have advised you, it is true."

"No; you have led me. At the moment of my greatest trouble you made me break away from my own people, who were sorry for my misfortune, and would have kept me among them in my own circle. There was no reason for me to leave them—no reason wreck of my father's fortune was not imputed to me. You persuaded me to assert my own independence, and to go upon the stage, for which I was well fitted as for the kingdom of heaven."

"I hoped—I thought—that you would succeed."

"No; what you hoped and intended was to keep me in your power. You would not let me go, and you could not—or would not"——

"Could not, my child. I could not."

"For four years I have endured the humiliations of the actress who is a failure and can only take the lowest parts. You know what I have endured. And yet—— Oh! Alec, your love is, indeed, a poisoned gift! And now, for your sake, I am here, to play a part for you. I am the young woman from Lyonesse who never existed. I make up a hundred lies every day to a girl who believes every word—which makes it more disgraceful and more horrible. When one knows that she is disbelieved it is different. When one

"Zoe, you know my position."

"Very well, indeed. You live in a little palace. You keep your man-servant and your two horses. You go every day into some kind of good society"——

"It is necessary: my position demands it."

"Your position, my friend, has nothing to do with it. If you stayed at home every evening and read many copies of your paper would be sold. You spend all this money on yourself, Alec, because you are a selfish person and indulgent, and because you like to make a great show of success."

"You do not understand."

"Oh, yes, I do! You paint lovely pictures, which you sell: you write admirable stories and excellent verses—at least, I suppose they are admirable and excellent. You put them into a paper which is your own"——

"Yes—yes. But all these things leave me as poor as I was four years ago."

He got up and stood before the fire looking into it. Then he walked across to the window and looked into the street. Then he returned and looked into the fire again. This restlessness may be a sign that something is on a man's mind.

"Zoe," he said at length, without looking at her, "your impatience makes you unjust. You do not understand. Things have come to a crisis."

"What kind of a crisis?"

"A financial crisis. I must have money."

"Then go and make it. Paint more pictures, write more poetry. Make money, as other people do. It is very noble and grand to pretend that you only work when you please; but it isn't business, and it isn't true."

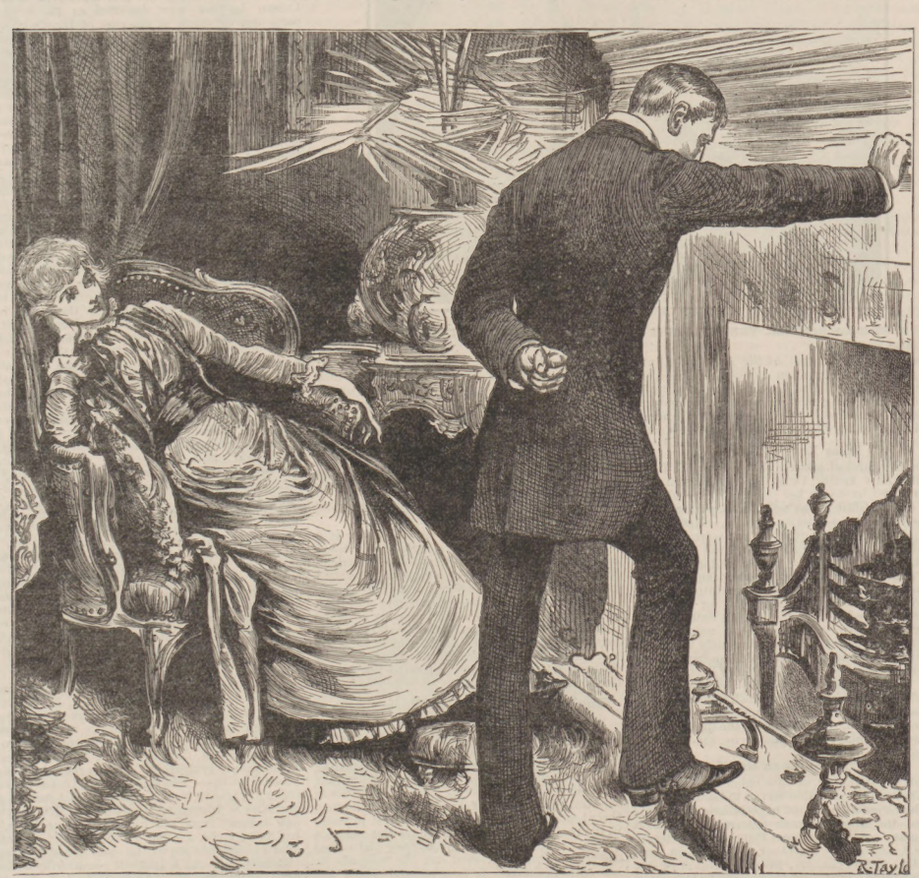
"Again—you do not understand. I must have money in a short time, or else"——

"Else—what may happen, Alec?" She leaned forward, losing her murmuring manner for the first time.

"I may—I must—become bankrupt. That to me signifies social ruin."

"You have something more to say. Won't you say it at once?"

"If I can get over this difficulty it will be all right—my anxieties over. I thought, Zoe, when I sent you here, that, with a rich girl, mistress of her



"Zoe," he said at length, without looking at her, "your impatience makes you unjust." [Drawn by Fred. Barnard.]

own, of age, it would be easy for you to wind your-
said into her confidence and borrow—or beg, or some-
be, get what I want out of her. To borrow would
How much do you want? Tell me exactly."
Well, say, £3500."
"That is a very large sum of money."
to this girl. Make her lend it to you. Make
her story. Beg it or borrow it—and"—— He
had his hand upon her shoulder, but she made no
reply; he stooped and kissed her head,
but she did not look up. "Zoe—I swear—if you will
do this for me, I will acknowledge everything. I will
give up this extravagant life: we will settle down
like a couple of honest bourgeois: we will live over
the shop, if you like—that is, the publishing office of
course. She made no response.
"Perhaps she never get the money back again?"
"Perhaps. How can I tell?"
"Will she take the bribe you offer, Alec, I am afraid I
cannot do it."
"Well, we will try together. We will lay ourselves out
to attract the girl, to win her confidence. Consider.
She is in our hands"——
"Yes. But you do not know her. Alec, if I
succeed, what will you do?"
"I must look out for some girl with money and
get engaged to her. The mere fact of an engagement
will be enough for me."
"Then you get engaged—to Philippa?"
"Yes," he said quickly, "it would have to be.
Then Philippa will only have money at the
death of her father and mother—not before. Philippa
is out of the question."
"Will there be nobody among all your fine friends who
will lend you the money?"
"No, no. We do not lend money to each other.
We do not speak of money.
So it is as if there were no money difficulties in
society as well as no diseases, no old age, no
death. Friendship in society has its limits. Yes; I see.
You can't borrow it in the usual way of
business people?"
"No, I should have to show books and enter into
long explanations. You see, Zoe, the paper
has a very good name, but rather a small circu-
lation. Everybody sees it, but very few buy it."
"And so you heard of Armorel, and you thought
that there was a chance. You say to me, in plain
words: if you get this money, there shall be an end
to the false position." Is that so?"
"That is exactly what I do say and swear, Zoe.
It is a very simple thing. You have only to persuade
the girl to lend you the money, or to advance it, or
to get it by your agency—or something—a very
quick and easy thing. You love me well enough to
do such a simple service."
"I love you well enough, I suppose," she replied
coldly, "to do everything you tell me to do. A
good service! Only to deceive and plunder this
child!"
"Oh, we shall find a way—some way—to pay her
back. Don't be afraid. And don't go off into
heroics, Zoe—you are much too pretty—and when
I know you well enough to know how much
you are openly, before the world"——
"Before Philippa to know how much
I can deceive you. I am a fool. All women are
fools, I expect. If I fail—if I fail"—her words sank
to a soft and gentlest murmur—"you are going
to marry Philippa for an heiress, and you will get engaged
to her brother, close by."
They listened, silent, with hushed breath, like
conspirators.
"What Armorel!" said Zoe. "If she only knew
what we are plotting! She thinks me the most
beautiful of women! And all I am here for is to
get her out of her money! Don't you think I had
better make a clean breast and ask her to give me
a penny and let me go?"
"Not to-day," said Alec. "Begin to talk about
Art first."
"Then they heard her voice again in the hall.
"Armorel, dear," Zoe murmured. "You must come this evening. Bring
your violin with you. I will play, and he shall listen.
And then great thoughts will
flow, great thoughts—great thoughts—great
thoughts," Zoe murmured. "And we are so in-
finitely little. And brother worm, shall we crawl into
our holes and hide ourselves?"
Then the door opened, and Armorel herself
appeared, fresh and rosy in spite of the cold wind.
"Why, dear child," said Zoe softly, looking up from
the sofa, "come in and sit down. You must be
perished with the east wind. Do sit down and be
comfortable. You met Mr. Feilding last night, I
believe?"
The visitor remained for a quarter of a hour.
Armorel had been to see a certain picture in the
Academy gallery. He talked of pictures just as the
critic who knows all the facts about the painters
and their works, and their schools: their merits and
defects. He knew and could talk fluently the
technical language of the Art Critic, just as he knew and could
imitate that of the Musical Critic. Armorel
looked and then she made a remark. But
Alec listened to this thrice-gifted darling of the
public. She actually seemed not to care very much
what he said.
Zoe, for her part, lay back in her cushions in
a dreamy way.
"How do you like him?" she asked, when their
visitor was gone.
"I don't know: I haven't thought about him.
He talks too much, I think. And he talks as if he
knew everything."
"But he has a better right to talk with authority."
"Why, he is free to listen or not as we please.
He is the right to teach everybody?"
"My dear child, Alec Feilding is the cleverest man
he must be very clever then. What does he do?"
"He does everything—poetry, painting, fiction—
everything!"
"Oh, you will show me his poetry, perhaps, some
time? And his pictures I suppose we shall see in
May somewhere. He doesn't look as if he was at all
great. But one may be wrong."
"My dear Armorel, you are a fortunate girl,
though you do not understand your good fortune.
Alec—I am privileged to call him Alec—has con-
ceived a great interest in you. Oh, not of the com-
mon love kind, that you despise so much—nothing to
do with your *beaux yeux*—but on account of your
genius. He was greatly taken with your playing:
if you will show him your pictures he will give you
instruction that may be useful to you. He wants to
know you, my dear."
"Well," said Armorel, not in the least over-
whelmed, "he can if he pleases, I suppose, since he
is a friend of yours."
"That is not all: he wants your friendship as a
sister in art. Such a man—such an offer, Armorel,
must not be taken lightly."
"I am not drawn towards him," said the girl.
"In fact, I think I rather dislike his voice, which is
domineering; and his manner, which seems to me
self-conscious and rather pompous; and his eyes,
which are too close together. Zoe, if he were not
the cleverest man in London, I should say that he
was the most crafty."
Zoe laughed. "What man discovers by experi-
ment and experience," she murmured incoherently,
"woman discovers at a glance. And yet they
say"——

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

THE OTHER STUDIO.

The Failure was at work in his own studio. Not the large and lofty chamber fitted and furnished as if for Michael Angelo himself which served for the Fraud. Not at all. The Failure did his work in a simple second-floor back, a chamber in a commonplace lodging-house of Keppel-street, Bloomsbury. Nowhere in the realms of Art was there a more dismal studio. The walls were bare, save for one picture which was turned round and showed its artistic back. The floor had no carpet: there was no other furniture than a table, strewn and littered with sketches, paints, palettes, brushes: there were canvases leaning against the wall: there was a portfolio also leaning against the wall: there was an easel and the man standing before it: and there was a single chair.
For three years Roland Lee had withdrawn from his former haunts and companions. No one knew now where he lived: he had not exhibited: he had resigned his membership at the club: he had gone out of sight. Many London men every year go out of sight. It is quite easy. You have only to leave off going to the well-known places of resort: very soon—so soon that it is humiliating only to think of it—men cease asking where you are: then they cease speaking of you: you are clean gone out of their memory—you and your works—it is as as if the sea had closed over you. There is not left a trace or a sign of your existence. Perhaps, now and then, something may revive your name: some little adventure may be remembered: some frolic of youth—for the rest—nothing: Silence: Oblivion. It does, indeed, humiliate those who look on. When such an accident revived the memory of Roland Lee, one would ask another what had become of him. And no one knew. But, of course, he had gone down—down—down. When a man disappears it means that he sinks. He had gone out of sight: therefore he had gone under. Yet, when you climb, you can never get so high as to be invisible. Even the President, R.A., is not invisible. Again, the higher that a balloon soars the smaller does it grow: but the higher a man climbs up the Hill of Fame the bigger does he show. It is quite certain that when a man has disappeared he has sunk. The only question—and this can never be answered—is, What becomes of the men who sink? One man I heard of—also, like Roland, an artist—who has been traced to a certain tavern, where he fuddles himself every evening, and where you may treat with him for the purchase of his pictures at ten shillings—ay, or even five shillings—apiece. And two scholars—scholars gone under—I heard of the other day. They now reside in the same lodging-house. It is close to the Gray's Inn-road. One lives in the garret, and the other occupies the cellar. In the evening they get drunk together and dispute on points of the finer scholarship. But this only accounts for three. And where are all the rest?
Of Roland Lee nobody knew anything. There was no story or scandal attached to him: he was no drinker: he was no gambler: he was no profligate. But he had vanished.
Yet he had not gone far—only to Keppel-street, which is really a central place. Here he occupied a second floor, and lived alone. Nobody ever called upon him: he had no friends. Sometimes he sat all day long in his studio doing nothing: sometimes he went forth and wandered about the streets: in the evening he dined at restaurants where he was certain to meet none of his old friends. He lived quite alone. As to that rumour concerning opium, it was an invention of his employer and proprietor. He did not take opium. Day after day, however, he grew more moody. What developments might have followed in this lonely life I know not. Opium, perhaps: whisky, perhaps: melancholia, perhaps. And from melancholia—Good Lord deliver us!
One thing saved him. The work which filled his soul with rage also kept his soul from madness. When the spirit of his Art seized him and held him he forgot everything. He worked as if he was a free man: he forgot everything, until the time came when he had to lay down his palette and to come back to the reality of his life. Some men would have accepted the position: there were, as we have seen, compensations of a solid and comfortable kind: had he chosen to work his hardest, these golden compensations might have run into four figures. Some men might have sat and laughed among their friends, forgetting the ignominy of their slavery. Not so Roland. His chains jangled as he walked: they cut his wrists and galled his ankles: they filled him with so much shame that he was fain to go away and hide himself. And in this manner he enjoyed the great success which his employer had achieved for his pictures. To arrive at the success for which you have always longed and prayed—and to enjoy it in such a fashion! Oh! mockery of fate!
This morning he was at work contentedly—with ardour. He was beginning a picture from one of his sketches; it was to be another study of rocks and sea: as yet there was little to show: it was growing in his brain, and he was so fully wrapped in his invention that he did not hear the door open, and was not conscious that for the first time within three years he had a visitor.
She opened the door and stood for a moment looking about her. The bare and dingy walls, the scanty furniture, the meanness of the place, made her very soul sink within her. For they cried aloud the story of the painter.
For five long years she had thought of him. He was successful: he was rising to the top of the tree: he was conquering the world—so brave, so strong, so clever! There was no height to which he could not rise. She should find him splendid, triumphant, and yet modest—her old friend the same, but glorified. And she found him thus, in this dingy den—so low, so shabby! Consider, if she had risen while he was sinking, how great was now the gulf between them! Then she stepped into the room and stood beside the artist at his easel.
"Roland Lee," she whispered.
He started, looked up, and recognised her.
"Armorel!" he cried.
Then, strange to say, instead of hastening to meet and greet her, and to hold out hands of welcome, he stood gazing at her stupidly, his face changing colour from crimson to white. His hair was unkempt, she saw; his cheeks worn; his eyes haggard; with deep lines round them; and his dress was shabby and uncared for.
"You have not forgotten me, then?" she said.
"Forgotten you? No. How could I forget you?"
"Then are you pleased to see me? Shake hands with me, Roland Lee."
He complied, but with restraint. "Have you dropped from the clouds?" he asked. "How did you find me here?"
"I met your old friend Dick Stephenson. He told me that you lived here. You are no longer friends: but he has seen you going in and coming out. That is how I found you. Are you well, Roland?"
"Yes, I am well."
"Does all go well with you, my old friend?"
"Why not? You see—I have got a magnificent studio: there is every outward sign of wealth and prosperity: and if you look into any art-criticisms you will find the papers ringing with my name."
"You are changed." Armorel passed over the bitterness of this speech. "You are a little older, perhaps." She did not tell him how haggard and worn he looked, how unkempt and unhappy.
"Let me see some of your work," she said. The picture on the easel was only in its very first stage. She looked about the room. Nothing on the walls but one picture with its face turned round. "May I look at this?" She turned it round. It was the picture of herself, "The Princess of Lyonesse," the sketch of which he had finished on the last day of his holiday. "Oh!" she cried, "I remember this. And you have kept it, Roland—you have kept it. I am glad."
"Yes, I have kept the only picture which I can call my own."
"Was I like that in those days?"
"You are like that now. Only the little Princess has become a tall Queen."
"Yes, yes; I remember. You said, then, that if I should ever look like this, you would be proved to be a painter indeed. Roland, you are a painter indeed."
"No, no," he said: "I am nothing—nothing at all."
"We were talking—when you made this sketch—of how one can grow to his highest and noblest."
"I have grown to my lowest," he replied. "But you—you"——
"What has happened, my friend? You told me so much once about yourself—you taught me so much—you put so many new things into my head—you must tell me more! What has happened?"
"Nothing."
"Why are you here in this poor room? I have been to studios in Rome and Florence, and Paris and Vienna: they are lovely rooms, fit for a man whose mind is always full of lovely images and sweet thoughts. But this—this room is not a studio. It is an ugly little prison. How can light and colour visit such a place?"
"It explains itself. It proclaims aloud—Failure—Failure—Failure!"
"This picture is not Failure."
"My name is unknown. I work on like a mole underground. I am a Failure. You have seen Dick Stephenson. What did he say of me?"
"He said that you must have left off working. But you have not."
"What does it matter how much or how long a Failure goes on working?"
"Have you lost heart, Roland?"
"Heart, and hope, and faith. Everything is lost, Armorel!"
"You have lost your courage because you have failed. But many men have failed at first—great men. Robert Browning failed for years. You were brave once, Roland. You were able to say that if you knew you were doing good work you cared nothing for the critics."
"You see, Dick was right. I no longer do any work. I never send anything to the exhibitions."
"But why—why—why?"
"Ask me no more questions, Armorel. Go away and leave me. How beautiful and glorious you have grown, child! But I knew you would. And I have gone down so low, and—and—well, you see! Yes, I remember how we talked of growing to our full height. We did not think, you see, of the depths to which we might also drop. There are awful depths, which you could never guess."
He sank into the chair, and his head dropped.
Armorel stood over him, the tears gathering into her eyes.
"Roland," she laid her hand upon his shoulder—there is no action more sisterly—"since I have found you I shall not let you go again. It is five years since you went away. You will tell me about yourself, when you please. I have a great deal to tell you. Don't you remember how sympathetic you used to be in the old days? I want a great deal more sympathy now, because I am five years older, and I am trying so much. I want you to hear me play—you were the first who ever praised my playing, you know. And you must see my drawings. I have worked every day, as I promised you I would. I have remembered all your instructions. Come and see your pupil's work, my master."
He made no reply.
"You live too much alone," she went on. "Dick Stephenson told me that you have given up your club, and that you go nowhere, and that no one knows how or where you live. You have dropped quite away from your old friends. Why did you do that? You live in this dismal room by yourself—alone with your thoughts: no wonder you lose courage and faith." She opened the portfolio and drew out a number of the sketches. "Why," she said, "here are some of those you made with me. Here is Castle Bryher—you in the boat, and I on the ledge among the seaweed under the great rock—and the shags in a row on the top: and here is Porth Cressa—and here Peninnis—and here Round Island. Oh! we have so many things to talk about. Will you come to see me?"
"You had better leave me alone, Armorel," he said. "Even you can do no good to me now."
"When will you come? See—I will write down my address. I have a flat, and it is ever so much better furnished than this, Sir. Will you come to-night? I shall be at home. There will be no one but Effie Wilmot. Oh! I am not going to talk about you, but about myself. I want your praise, Roland, and your sympathy. Both were so ready—once. Will you come to-night?"
"You will drive me mad, I think, Armorel!"
"Will you come?"
He shook his head.
"I have got to tell you how I became rich, if you will listen. You must come and hear my news. Why, there is no one but you in all London who knew me when I lived on Samson alone with those old people. You will come to-night, Roland?" Again she laid her hand upon his shoulder. "I will ask no questions about you—none at all. You will tell me what you please about yourself. But you must let me talk to you about myself, as frankly as in the old days. If you have got any kindly memory left of me at all, Roland, you will come."
He rose and lifted his shameful eyes to hers, so full of pity and of tears.
"Yes," he said; "I will do whatever you tell me."

(To be continued.)

SEE "THE WORLD OF WOMEN."

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 220 pages (3 stamps), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (Reg.), 186, Euston-road, London.—[ADVT.]

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN looked very well (says the *World*) when she visited the grave of Lady Ely in Kensal Green on June 27, and, though she walked with a stick, was less lame than when she went to Scotland. She was a good deal overcome when she got to the grave. She brought two wreaths with her, which she placed on the vault, and a small bouquet which she had carried in her hand. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Lady-in-Waiting, and the Equerries. Princess Beatrice drove with the Queen to Paddington, and saw her off to Windsor, and then returned to Buckingham Palace.

The Empress Frederick, who was accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe (the future husband of Princess Victoria), arrived in England last Saturday on a visit to the Queen.

The Empress Frederick will make only a short stay in England, as she is due at Athens towards the end of this month, the accouchement of the Duchess of Sparta being expected early in August. The Empress is to return in September, when she will be the guest of the Queen at Balmoral for a few weeks, and she proposes to pass two or three months of the winter in Italy.

The Queen stays at Windsor until about July 15, when the Court removes to Osborne until the end of August.

It is quite untrue, says *Truth*, that the Queen was "much annoyed" because the first intimation which she received of the Duchess of Fife's accouchement was by reading the news in the papers. The news was telegraphed to Balmoral early on the Tuesday morning, and if the Queen had been obliged to wait until she read it in the papers she would have known nothing of it until Wednesday afternoon.

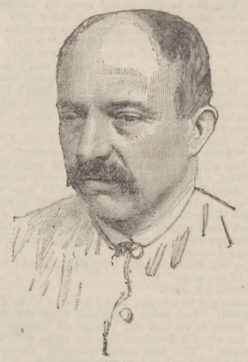
There never was printed more silly rubbish, we learn from the same authority, than the statement made in the *World* that the Queen and Prince Albert first met at the Abbey of Villers, in Belgium, at a picnic given by their uncle, the late King Leopold. The Queen and Prince Albert first met in London, as has been related a hundred times, when he was sent to England by King Leopold expressly in order that he might be betrothed to the Queen, who, as a matter of fact, never quitted England until she went to France to visit Louis Philippe at Eu, a few years after her marriage.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught honoured the Earl and Countess of Jersey with their presence at a garden-party at Osterley Park, Isleworth, on Saturday last.

By command of the Queen, the East Terrace of Windsor Castle, which since the death of the Prince Consort has been closed while her Majesty is in residence, was opened to the public last Sunday afternoon, between a quarter past four and six o'clock. The weather was beautifully fine, and the privilege so graciously accorded by the Sovereign was enjoyed by 7000 residents and visitors. The band of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards played an interesting selection of music. It is understood that the Terrace will be thrown open every Sunday while her Majesty is at the castle, and next Sunday two military bands are expected to be present.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg visited last Saturday the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead, on the occasion of the sixty-third anniversary of the institution. Her Royal Highness distributed the prizes to the scholars, of whom there are altogether about 600; and, in reply to a vote of thanks, moved by the Bishop of Colchester, expressed the pleasure it afforded her to visit an institution in which her father, the late Prince Consort, took such a deep interest.

Eyraud, who is accused of having murdered M. Gouffé in Paris, sailed on June 16 from Havana for France, in the custody of French detectives. He is portrayed afresh from a photograph taken after his arrest in Havana. According to the Paris *Figaro*, Eyraud declared after his arrest that he discovered M. Gouffé already murdered when he found Gabrielle Bompard in the room with him. Eyraud arrived last Monday in Paris, and was taken to prison.



EYRAUD.
From a Photograph taken in Havana after his Arrest.

M. Dopffer, the Examining Magistrate, informed Gabrielle Bompard that she would be confronted with Eyraud in the apartment where the murder took place. In reply to questions put to her she declared that Eyraud committed the crime in the manner she had previously stated. "It was Eyraud," she said, "who premeditated the murder, and it was he who killed Gouffé, without anybody's assistance." Rémy Laune, who is suspected of complicity in the crime, is still in prison, and it appears that some further remarkable evidence will be adduced against him.

SEE "THE WORLD OF PASTIME."

The Emperor William arrived last Saturday in Denmark, where he was the guest of the King and Queen, and received a cordial greeting.

The Emperor William left Elsinore at noon on Monday for Christiania. His Majesty, according to a Reuter's telegram, was accompanied from Fredensborg to that port by King Christian and the Royal Princes.

The German Empress and the young Princes arrived at Sassnitz, a watering-place on the Baltic near Stralsund, on Monday.

Major Panitza, who was recently sentenced to death for high treason to the Prince and State of Bulgaria, was shot in the military camp near Sofia last Saturday morning.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, the Marquis of Salisbury, in reply to a question by the Earl of Rosebery as to the cession of Heligoland, said that as soon as the Convention with Germany was signed, it would be laid on the table and a Bill be presented for giving effect to it. He declined to state what means the Government had adopted for ascertaining the feeling of the Heligolanders in regard to the cession.

In the Commons, Mr. W. H. Smith, questioned on Monday by Mr. Gladstone, said he hoped to make a statement on Thursday as to the course of public business. The Inland Revenue Regulation Bill, the Barracks Bill, the Corrupt Practices (Scotland) Bill, and the Education Code (1890) Bill were each advanced a stage. The Western Australia Bill was discussed in Committee, and clauses 1 to 3 inclusive agreed to.

The Mayor of Maidenhead, Mr. James D. M. Pearce, J.P., has presented his Kidwells Park estate to the borough for a recreation and pleasure ground. The park is twelve acres in extent, is situated in the heart of the town, and is worth £1000 an acre.

The disputes connected with the Newfoundland fisheries have been carried into the Colonial Law Courts. Mr. Baird, in the names of the owners of twenty-six lobster factories in St. George Bay, has served a writ for trespass upon Sir B. Walker, the Commander of H.M.S. Emerald, who compelled the factories to be closed.

SHORLAND'S CYCLE TRIP TO BRIGHTON AND BACK.

Jem Selby's Coach Record Beaten.

ONE of our Cycle Artists favours us with a pictorial record of the remarkable cycling feat achieved on Wednesday, June 25, by Mr. Frank Shorland, a relative, we believe, of Mr. Jerome, the dramatist, and a member of the Southgate Cycling Club. This is not his first cycling achievement. Last autumn young Shorland rode on his cycle from London to Edinburgh, over four hundred miles, in forty-four hours. Readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* will remember that we illustrated the coaching performances and portrayed the famous "whip," that in 1888

The Late Jem Selby,

personification of the smart, dapper, cheery, rubicund driver of the good old times, drove a coach and four, with the requisite change of horses, of course, from Hatchett's in Piccadilly to

The Old Ship

at Brighton and back in 7 hours 50 minutes, his bet being that he would accomplish the distance under 8 hours. A few months ago

Four Well-known Cyclists

essayed the same task in combination, each riding the same machine alternately. By this means they managed to cover the distance in seven hours 25 minutes, and a good deal of fuss has been made of this very questionable "record." At last, however,

Young Frank Shorland

eclipsed both of these performances, having beaten Selby's coach record by no less than 31 min., and the "combination record" of four men by 6 min. He left Piccadilly at 7 a.m. on June 25, being

Timed by Mr. E. A. Powell

of the Catford Cycling Club, and was accompanied at the start by several pacemakers. Crawley, thirty-one miles, was reached at 9 a.m., and the plucky rider arrived at the

Old Ship Hotel, Brighton,

at 10.40, having thus accomplished the half distance of fifty-four miles in 3 h. 40 min. After only 5 min. stay, he started on the return journey, and arrived in Piccadilly at 2.12 p.m., making a total time for the difficult journey of

108 miles in 7 h. 19 min.

He rode a 40-inch geared facile, which machine has been his mount in all the fine road rides he has made. In the present case he had one fitted with pneumatic tyres, which were undoubtedly of some advantage over such a course, but it is pretty certain that without such aid he would have lowered the record by at least fifteen or twenty minutes. Mr. Shorland was well known in the cyclist world, and was assisted during the ride by various pacemakers, Messrs. Hutchings, P. C. Wilson, E. Osmond, Watton, Nix, and Hale.

HOW FRANK SHORLAND BEAT JEM SELBY'S RECORD FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON AND BACK.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Unfavourable Weather for Cricket

which has prevailed, on and off, during last week will, previously, will make a considerable difference to the record-tables of matches won and lost. When the rain and consequently subsequent drying wicket, did not mitigate enormously against the chances of the side getting the worst of the luck, it robbed the bowlers of a well-deserved victory. Middlesex were able to score a very easy victory over them by an innings and two runs, Middlesex making only 51 runs in the second innings, the first half of which, however, was played in a bad light, in addition to a bad wicket.

The Australians,

who wanted a victory badly, seeing that they have not enjoyed one for the space of four weeks, had a very good chance of one spoiled by the rain, for, playing against the North of England, they had on Saturday a balance of 126 runs in hand, and still five wickets to fall.

Yorkshire

had very great reason to be pleased at the downfall of rain, as it saved them from the hands of Essex, who could hardly have failed to score an easy victory over their very successful opponents—for they had a fine innings to play, and only twenty-three runs to get. It was by no means Yorkshire's strongest team, as must be mention, in all fairness to the county that has twice defeated the Australians now with us.

Eton v. Winchester.

In fine weather, Eton would have succumbed to Winchester, against whose score of 205 they had to follow on, and were still 39 to the bad when stumps were drawn. The Eton Eleven is not a very strong one this year, and Harrow should again win. Last year's Harrow captain, F. S. Jackson, is already made a good work for the Cambridge Eleven, and has made by the Light Blues against Sussex. He is an excellent example of the cricketer who comes readily-made from a public school.

The Gentlemen v. Players

which commences on Monday next at Lord's, should be an interesting contest, though, if the Players are in the form they were against the Australians they should win easily. The Gentlemen are the better worse off than were the Australians, for they will have Shrewsbury against them; and, as it is said and done, Turner and Ferris are a pair of bowlers we shall have difficulty in matching among our own amateurs.

On Saturday last the

Honourable Artillery Company

held their annual athletic meeting on their *rus in urbe*, Finsbury-square, that oasis of turf in a desert of bricks and mortar. The events ordinarily met with at athletic meetings are not numerous at these, or which tend to fun and frolic being held in favourite item at all athletic meetings in India), such as sack-, tent-pegging, gun-wheel race and dismounting, bayonet exercise, and stretcher competition among the serious and useful items, and a donkey-race in costume and menagerie-race (in which a goose was first and a peacock second) in the comic department.

J. Kibblewhite,

our finest distance runner, on Saturday made an attempt, upon W. G. George's four-miles record, at the Clapham Harriers' meeting at Stamford-bridge, in the course of the team race, which the Spartans won by securing first, third, fifth, and sixth places, as also the seventh, ninth, and tenth. Kibblewhite did not quite equal George's record of 19 min. 39 4-5 sec., his time being 19 min. 42 2-5 sec. — quite good enough for the championship on July 12. His intermediate three-mile times were 4 min. 43 sec., 9 min. 42 2-5 sec., and 14 min. 45 sec.

At the same meeting the walker H. Curtis won the 7 miles walking-race from scratch in the fast time of 1 h. 1 min. 25 4-5 sec.

The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton

has maintained his hold upon the Tennis Gold Prize of the Marylebone Cricket Club. Sir Edward Grey (the present champion) for the Silver Prize, but was not good enough, for Lyttelton, who defeated Grey, as he did last year, by three sets to one.

Henley Regatta.

Next week we shall all be at Henley—that is, all who can get away for the purpose.

The Rowing

is sure to be of the highest interest. J. C. Gardner has strengthened to secure the Diamond Sculls once more, and has been training vigorously at Putney, but still masked success. But he has Nickalls, the brother, still to contend with, and

Nickalls

is a bad one to beat. I do not look beyond these two to supply the winner. Psotta, the American amateur champion, who was last year prevented from rowing his best form by illness, is this year all right, but has no real chance against the Oxford and Cambridge crocks. G. B. B. Kennedy, the Kingston sculler, who has gone to Felixstowe, in an endeavour to evade his old enemy, the hay-fever, is now going well and there is, besides, Bruce Dick; but I expect to do more than beat Psotta, which is confidently believed they will do.

The Grand Challenge Cup

is sure to have five crews—namely, Thames (holders), Leander, B.N.C., and Trinity (Oxford), New College (Oxford), and First Trinity Hall (Cambridge). Thames, rowing eight of last year's crew, are not quite so good an all as they were in 1889, while London are better, though not need be. Brasenose are very much improved, and the issue should lie between these three, Trinity Hall are not doing quite as well as was anticipated, but New are exceedingly neat to look at.

The Fours

will be very interesting. Thames, London, B.N.C., Leander all send formidable crews for the

OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON Overcomes weakness, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

Stewards', while the Wyfold should have a good entry.

The "Duffers' Pot"

will entirely belie this nickname—appropriate enough, perhaps, some years ago—for there will be a capital entry. Trinity Hall send their second eight, as do Thames and London, and there will also be Emanuel, Balliol, Christ Church, and University, Cooper's Hill, Molesey, and Kingston. The Visitors' and Ladies' will have the usual complement of college crews. Eton have a strong eight, which is, however, none too neat.

Marlow Regatta,

which always follows Henley, takes place on the Friday, and Kingston Regatta on the Saturday.

BANSHEE.

Saturday's Sale at Bushey Park

reminded one almost of the old Eltham days, when Mr. William Blenkiron, founder of the great stud on the borders of Woolwich-common, found the right way to promote bidding. The cute City soft-goods warehouseman spent lots of money on refreshing his visitors. Probably not one out of a dozen of the hundreds who wolfed the excellent cold luncheon and gulped long and often at his champagne came to buy. In fact, the great majority were there for the special purpose of filling themselves up solid at the breeder's expense. Still, the stimulants did their work well among the right sort. There being a luncheon helped make a run down by drag to see the yearlings sold a nice little outing. Middle Park sale days became a sort of semi-racing holiday fixture, and many a purchase was made at them by patrons of the turf who meant looking on only, and found themselves unable to resist

Mr. Edmund's Blandishments.

We used to get the company of most leading patrons of the turf at Eltham. Times change. The Kent stud was dispersed on the death of its founder. Attempts to revive its glories failed. The establishments at Cobham, more or less directly growing out of Eltham, could not be made to do. The Royal Paddock at Hampton Court, which for a time shared in general prosperity, went from bad to worse.

"Royal Rats"

was the uncomplimentary description bestowed on her Majesty's yearlings—a reproach not undeserved, as the animals were poor, as a rule. It seemed as if we were not to have a stud in the metropolitan district which could be made to answer. At length a turn came, and now we have the once-flouted establishment claiming a record price—namely,

5500 Guineas

for a filly, a sister to Memoir, by St. Simon—Quiver. When I call it record price, I should add "for England," as a yearling brother to Ban Fox and King Fox was sold at Madison-square Gardens (a big building, something after the Agricultural Hall style), New York, for

£7600.

I only hope that the usual fate of such high-priced purchases may be avoided, and that Baron de Hirsch, with whom H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is to a certain extent associated, I believe, in the Newmarket establishment managed by Lord Marcus Beresford, will find the filly a better winner, even, than her sister.

I expected the sister to Sainfoin to fetch more than the thousand guineas paid by Baron Hirsch. One of the very best-looking lots, and possibly the cheapest, was the half-brother to FitzHampton, by Springfield—Lady Binks, who brought 1750 guineas.

FitzHampton, I hear, has been sold to a patron of the Kingsclere stable. He has hitherto been an unlucky horse.

He Was Nobbled

for the Italian Derby, and ran second in the Grand Prize of Paris.

Writing of foreign racing reminds me of an item or two which should be amusing. Readers will perhaps recollect that Mr. Charley Thompson won the big steeplechase at Hamburg on Countess. Well, now, what do you suppose the *pari-mutuels* paid on that for a place? Why,

Five Times the Winning Price.

About 2 to 1 was laid for a win, and 11 to 1 for 1, 2, 3. This came about curiously, because the price was so short very few put money on it for a place. Countess fell, and finished third to two others who went the wrong course. No other was placed, so, as the first and second in were disqualified, backers of Countess divided all the money put on the starters for a situation. When Royal Meath won at Auteuil the place price was actually more than the win. Another good prize was taken from Auteuil on Sunday by an Irish horse. Mr. W. Leetham won the Prix de France, a military steeplechase handicap, with Roman Oak, which he rode himself. I am told that the French, who are thé

Meanest Losers in the World,

are very much dissatisfied at the result of turning their big steeplechase, which went to Royal Meath, into a handicap. If it had not been altered, Royal Meath might have been crushed out of it—and, no doubt, would have been.

The weather did not favour the Jockey Club's innovation the Newmarket First Summer Meeting. On Monday, steady showers soaked the country, and, if they did relieve the minds of trainers looking forward to Goodwood with anxiety as to their charges standing preparation, they also told effectually in stalling off many intending visitors to the July course.

The St. Leger.

Betting on the St. Leger continues fairly brisk. Very likely it will undergo change after Leicester's big stake has been decided. The pair I fancy most, Heaume and Oddfellow, go well. We shall have a big week of it after Newmarket and Kempton, and three days at Leicester and two at Sandown. It is difficult to make picks for the last-named meetings yet. At Kempton, for the Princess of Wales's Handicap I fancy Philomel, Day Dawn, and Marah's Selected. If this be

Formidable

I shall be almost content to stand on him alone, but had perhaps better mix the lot.

A CONVERSATION

With an Old Friend After His Absence Abroad for a Year.

"You seem to have a fine place here."
"Yes; a great improvement on our old premises."

"Why did you move from Ludgate-hill?"
"We had to; our business grew so fast."

"How many are you selling now?"
"Somewhere about 40,000 packets per month."

"What! Why, the sale was only 3000 last year."
"We have given 150,000 free samples since then."

"Well, well! I didn't think you could grow so fast."
"The merit of the Tablets has done it."

"But not altogether alone, surely!"
"With the fair-dealing plan of free samples, yes."

"They must have been wanted badly."
"A pleasant and safe family remedy WAS needed."

"Are they being largely used for children?"
"Very freely: they do great good and no hurt."

"The postage on the samples must come heavy?"
"We have paid £600 January to June 1890."

"In practice, what are they most good for?"
"Eczema, Impurity of the Blood, and Constipation."

"Anything else?"
"Rheumatic Fever, Skin Eruptions, and Infectious Diseases."

"I suppose you get a good many testimonials?"
"Some every day; from clergymen and the public."

"Clergymen, eh! Do you supply ministers specially?"
"Yes; two packets free, for sick poor parishioners."

"Do they recommend them, finding them worthy?"
"Yes; very freely, and often buy to give to the poor."

"You have plenty of work to do, eh?"
"It takes four hours to open the letters alone."

"How many letters do you get, then?"
"About 1000 letters and cards per diem."

"Well, you certainly do everything wholesale."
"We have to; we are always going forward."

"As a laxative medicine, they ought to go freely?"
"They do, especially for children, because so safe."

"Are doctors prescribing sulphur more now?"
"Yes, medical journals are also praising its use."

"Being so successful, are you much imitated?"
"Yes; there are many imitations and substitutes sold."

"Do dealers push these when yours is asked for?"
"A few do for the sake of the larger profit."

"Imitators make a haphazard guess at your formula."
"Yes; and then use cheap substitutes and adulterations."

"Do they imitate yours in appearance?"
"Yes, by the use of chemical and colouring matters."

"Have the imitations any medicinal value?"
"Very little. Most are gritty, sour, or injurious."

"People should insist upon having what they want."
"Shrewd persons do: only the unwary are deceived."

"Are you not asked for other medicinal things?"
"Yes, for a cooling cream or salve and a soap."

"Shall you manufacture either of these?"
"The soap we shall; the other not yet."

"Well, I wish Frazer's Sulphur Tablets prosperity."
"Thanks! many people wish us the same."

"Because the Tablets have done them good, eh?"
"Yes, for this reason, and for our fair methods."

THEIR MERITS.

Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are an attractive remedy, of pleasant taste, composed of Sulphur in combination with other curative and corrective adjuvants. They are positively safe, pure, wholesome, and efficacious.

They are Resolvent, dissolving and dispersing inflammatory matters, and their use therefore indicated in the treatment of ulcerous and scrofulous diseases, inflammations, cancers, tumours, abscess, &c.

They are Alterative, changing the character and reducing the virulence of all diseases arising from an impure or disorganised state of the blood.

They are Anti-Scorbutic, counteracting attacks of scurvy and similar diseases.

They are Febrifugal, or Anti-Febrile, having the property of curing or mitigating fevers and attacks of infectious disease.

They are Anti-Septic, inasmuch as they resist any tendency to putrescence in the blood.

They are Aseptic, causing a condition of the blood in which animal or vegetable organisms productive of disease cannot live.

They are Laxative, having the property of loosening the natural functions without the excitation of excessive peristaltic force. They are, therefore, safer, gentler, perhaps slower, but more permanently efficacious, than any other remedy, and for children, alike for safety and efficacy, are unrivalled.

They are Diuretic, impregnating the kidneys and bladder with a "Sulphur Air," naturally inimical to disease in these organs. If combined with the use of carbonate of iron, when the patient is anæmic or emaciated, the escape of albumen is often much lessened, and there is frequently a marked constitutional improvement.

They are Hepatic, possessing the property of generating a hepatic or "Sulphur Air," which, after passing through the liver, enters the blood per the portal vein. Hence the value of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets in the treatment of torpid and abnormal conditions of the liver.

Special.—Where the patient is Anæmic, or where there is atrophy (wasting) or emaciation, or where a tonic is needed, the use of carbonate of iron with Frazer's Sulphur Tablets is to be greatly commended.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

On receipt of letter or postcard requesting same we will send samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets gratis and post free. Name "Penny Illustrated Paper." Write briefly, and let your name and address be clearly written. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are for sale by most chemists and medicine vendors. They are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post free, 1s. 3d.) Ask for Frazer's, and take no imitation or substitute. The genuine have each Tablet stamped "Frazer's Sulphur Tablet."

Sole Proprietors,
FRAZER and CO.,
11, Ludgate-square (late 29, Ludgate-hill, E.C.),
London, E.C.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"IN DARKES

DR. STANLEY'S

The intrepid author, em
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Mr. Stanley tells in f
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Relief Expedition," "Retreat of
Pasha," "The thril
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Stanley's Praise

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"IN DARKEST AFRICA": EMIN PASHA AND CAPTAIN CASATI LANDING AT WERÉ, ON LAKE ALBERT NYANZA.

"IN DARKEST AFRICA."

MR. STANLEY'S NEW WORK.

The intrepid author, smart artists, and enterprising publishers are alike to be praised for the two handsome volumes in which Mr. Henry Morton Stanley tells in terse, vivid English the inspiriting and fascinating story of his latest expedition.—"In Darkest Africa; or, the Quest, Discovery, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria." The thrilling narrative of Mr. Stanley's brave exploits, with his generous tribute to the valour of his devoted officers; the profusion of interesting Illustrations; and the clear and entrancing records of adventure the world has yet seen. No wonder "In Darkest Africa" has been simultaneously issued in the English and every other important language. Well done, Stanley! Well done, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington!

Stanley's Praise of Emin Pasha

We will commence our extracts from the remarkable history of the expedition which set out from England to rescue the long-suffering Governor (Dr. Schnitzer), originally appointed Governor of Equatorial Africa by the late General Gordon. "As an administrator he displayed the highest qualities. He was just, tender, loyal, and considerate and affectionate to the natives who placed themselves under his protection, and no higher proof of the esteem with which he was regarded by the soldiery can be desired than that he owed to it the reputation for justice and mildness which he had won. In short, every hour saved from sleep was devoted, before his final deposition, to some useful purpose conducive to increase of knowledge, improvement of humanity, and progress to civilisation."

Stanley's Voyage up the Congo

Then in the spring of 1887, the Expedition sailed from Zanzibar by sea arriving at the mouth of the River Congo on March 18 of that year. Mr. A. H. Troup and Mr. Herbert Ward appear to have been of considerable use in superintending the conveyance of the stores up the Congo; and of their own accord Mr. Troup is to tell, in a volume which will be read with deep interest, the sad story of how Major Barttelot, while commanding the rear-guard, met with his death. Mr. Stanley's advance-guard was compelled to struggle through the pathless, dense forest the difficulties so graphically to Lake Albert Nyanza.

Stanley's Chief Comrades

The indescribably arduous marches are portrayed in one of the Illustrations on our front page. The testimony paid by their chief to their pluck, endurance, and true British endurance forms one of the best features of the work. Pleasant is it to read Mr. Stanley's hearty appreciation of the zeal and energy and skill of Lieut. Stairs, Captain Nelson, Surgeon Parke, and Mr. Jephson, all of whom are delineated in our first Engraving. They proved themselves officers any leader of men must be proud to be associated with.

The Grand Forest

they traversed is thus brought home to us in the nervous language of Mr. Stanley: "The moaning and groaning of the forest is far from comforting, and the crashing and fall of mighty trees is far from assuring, but it is a positive terror when the thunder rumbles above and its sounds reverberating through the aisles and crooked corridors of the forest, and the blazing lightning darts spitefully hither and thither its forky tongues and sheets of flame, and explodes over our heads with overwhelming and deafening shocks. It would be a vast relief for our sick and wounded to be free of such sounds. A European battle has no such variety. And throughout the day this has continued unceasingly. It is now about the tenth hour of the day. It is scarcely possible daylight will ever appear again—at least, so I judge from the human faces steeped in misery. Their owners appear stupefied by terror, woe, sickness, loss of friends, hunger, rain and thunder, and general wretchedness. They may be seen crouching under plantain-leaf sheds, native shields, cotton shelters, straw mats, earthen and copper pots above their heads, even saddles, tent canvas covers, blankets, each body wreathed in blue vapour, self-absorbed with speechless anguish."

The Forest Dwarfs

(one of whom is sketched on this page) are no less ably described by Mr. Stanley: "Scattered among the Balessé are the Wambutti, variously called Batwa, Akka, and Bazungu. These people are undersized nomads, dwarfs, or pigmies, who live in the uncleared virgin forest, and support themselves on game, which they are very expert in catching. They vary in height from three feet to four feet six inches. A full-grown adult male may weigh ninety pounds. They plant their village camps at a distance of from two to three miles around a tribe of agricultural aborigines, the majority of whom are fine stalwart people. A large clearing may have as many as eight, ten, or twelve separate communities of these little people settled around them, numbering in the aggregate from 2000 to 2500 souls. With their weapons, little bows and arrows, the points of which are covered thickly with poison, and spears, they kill elephants, buffalo, and antelope. They sink pits, and cunningly cover them with light sticks and leaves, over which they sprinkle earth, to disguise from the unsuspecting animals the danger below them. They build a shed-like structure, the roof being suspended with a vine, and spread nuts or ripe plantains underneath, to tempt the chimpanzees, baboons, and other simians within, and by a slight movement the shed falls, and the animals are captured. Besides the meat, and hides to make shields, and furs, and ivory of the slaughtered game, they catch birds to obtain their feathers; they collect honey from the woods, and make poison, all of which they sell to the larger aborigines for plantains, potatoes, tobacco, spears, knives, and arrows. They are perfect scouts, and contrive, by their better knowledge of the intricacies of the forest, to obtain early intelligence of the coming of strangers, and to send information to their settled friends."

The Fight at Avi Sibba,

on August 13, 1887, was memorable for the incident pictured in one of our Illustrations. Mr. Stanley's Expedition had crossed a small river, and camped in a little village, when some of his men were shot at by natives from the opposite bank. Hearing the rifle-fire of the Zanzibaris in reply to the shower of poisoned arrows, Lieut. W. G. Stairs, R.E., who was second in command, promptly headed a party, and took boat to repel the enemy, when, about halfway across the river, the gallant Stairs was dangerously wounded by a poisoned arrow just below the heart. Most of the Zanzibaris wounded by these poisoned arrows died of tetanus; but, thanks to the assiduous care and self-sacrificing

ONE OF THE WAMBUTTI DWARFS, WHO SHOOT WITH POISONED ARROWS.
"IN DARKEST AFRICA."

efforts of Surgeon Parke, Lieutenant Stairs recovered, although the piece of arrow which had broken off short in the wound was not extracted until some fourteen months had passed away, and during the time he was in command of Fort Bodo.

The Engagement in Majamboni's Country,

illustrated on the preceding page, occurred on Dec. 11, 1887—not long after the Expedition emerged from the Great Forest. Majamboni's men evidently resolved from the first to contest the advance of Stanley's force. Stairs and Jephson made short work of them. It is an attack on one of the villages, and a successful one, which is here depicted.

The Landing of Emin Pasha

with Captain Casati at Weré, on Lake Albert Nyanza, is represented from a sketch by Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson. The meeting of Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha took place on the shores of the Albert Nyanza on Sunday, April 29, 1888. Here is Mr. Stanley's description of Emin Pasha: "I expected to see a tall, thin, military-looking figure, in faded Egyptian uniform, but instead of it I saw a small, spare figure in a well-kept fez and a clean suit of snowy cotton drilling, well ironed and of perfect fit. A dark grizzled beard bordered a face of a Magyar cast, though a pair of spectacles lent it somewhat an Italian or Spanish appearance. There was not a trace on it of ill-health or anxiety: it rather indicated good condition of body and peace of mind. Captain Casati, on the other hand, though younger in years, looked gaunt, careworn, anxious, and aged. He likewise was dressed in clean cottons, with an Egyptian fez for a head-covering."

Reserving a few Illustrations of this wonderful Expedition for next week, we conclude, at present, with the eloquent closing words of Mr. Stanley:—

Good night, Pasha, and you, Captain Casati! You will know better when you have read these pages what the saving of you cost in human life and suffering. I have nothing to regret. What I have given that I have given freely and with utmost goodwill; and so say we all.

Good night, Gentlemen of the Relief Committee! Three years are passed since your benevolence commissioned us to relieve the distressed and rescue the weak. Two hundred and sixty all told have been returned to their homes; about 150 more are in safety.

Good night, oh! my companions! May honours such as you deserve be showered upon you. To the warm hearts of your countrymen I consign you. Should one doubt be thrown upon your manhood, or upon your loyalty or honour, within these pages, the record of your faithfulness during a period which I doubt will ever be excelled for its gloom and hopelessness, will be found to show with what noble fortitude you bore all. Good night, Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, Parke, and you, Bonny, a long good night to you all!

You who never turned your backs,
But marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph.
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to
Fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday, in the bustle of
Man's work-time,
Greet the Unseen with a cheer!
Bid them forward, breast and back, as
Either should be.
"Strive and thrive!" cry, "speed, fight
On, for ever,
There as here."

THE THANKS BE TO GOD FOR EVER AND EVER! AMEN!

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I HAVE been at some interesting "functions" lately, as it is the fashion to call festivities of all kinds now, although it is by no means the correct term to use. But certainly it does not in any way apply to

The French Exhibition,

now open in Earl's Court. Have any of my readers seen it, I wonder? It is rather pretty, as far as it goes. The dolls are really beautiful. There is one case full of dark-eyed dolls dressed in the height of the fashion, which ought to be the delight of all the little girls who see it. In another there are baby dolls and mother dolls, which are curiosities in their way, but not at all fit for playthings. Next to the dolls I think I liked the sweeties best. There is a long counter very daintily set out with chocolate, nougat, and sweetmeats of all sorts. Then there are a great many stands with French jewellery and fancy goods of various kinds; but it was so hot inside the building the day I was there that I was glad to get into

The Champs Elysees—

really charming gardens—for a cup of tea. The gardens are very pretty this year, and several novelties have been added on purpose for children, such as rocking-horses and goat-carriages. Then there is the "switchback" railway, and the people who go on it shriek just as much as usual. If it is so very unpleasant, why do they go? Of course, I went to see

"The Wild East,"

but there is really nothing very wild about it except the name. As I heard someone say, "It is like the 'Wild West,' only different." The Arabs are picturesque enough in their way, and they ride in dashing style; but their music we could do without. The performance given by

Darling, the Lion-Tamer,

is exceedingly exciting. The lions, four of them, and a beautiful boarhound are in a large cage in the middle of the arena, and the lion-tamer seems very much at home among them. These lions are the smooth species: three of them seem tame and good-tempered, but the fourth looks very sulky. I noticed that he was not made to do much, and he growled ferociously once or twice.

"Hetty in Town."

A fashionable form of opera-cloak and a garden-party dress *à la mode* are limned in a fresh sketch illustrative of "Hetty in Town." I have seen many of these cape opera-cloaks this season at Covent-Garden, and should say they are most comfortable and handy for theatre, ball, or evening party. Puffed sleeves, it will be observed, continue to be worn; though I venture to think the graceful, rounded lines of Nature far preferable to the peaked epaulettes in vogue. On a sunny afternoon, nothing looks better than a white frock for the young at a garden-party. I noted some very pretty white dresses with lace at a recent garden-party. By the way, as the Princess of Wales sets the fashion in a large measure, I may mention that the last time I caught a glimpse of her Royal Highness in the afternoon she wore an exquisitely simple foulard dress with white spots on a blue ground, and a black-lace bonnet adorned with a crimson flower.

"Children's Happy Evenings."

Another Artist has seasonably sketched on this page the merry meetings which have lately been organised by Lady Dilke, Mrs. Jeune, and other kind-hearted ladies for the poorest of the London School Board children. While every heavily burdened ratepayer will, I imagine, join me in denouncing the shamefully extravagant expenditure of the London School Board, whose oppressively high rates we ought one and all to combine to reduce without delay, no one acquainted with the cheerless lives of thousands of Poverty's children will grudge them the welcome social sunshine infused into their little hearts by Lady Dilke and her sister philanthropists. Sir Charles and Lady Dilke vie with each other in their efforts to mitigate the misery that exists in the poorest districts of Chelsea; and Sir Charles Dilke, by his noble gifts to the fine Free Library in that quarter of London, has done something substantial for the recreation and instruction of the poorer middle-classes, whose hard lot would be considerably ameliorated could his admirable political programme be speedily carried out. One of the most genial and kind-hearted of her sex, Lady Dilke has entered with characteristic zeal into the "Children's Happy Evenings" campaign, which unites the benevolent of every political party into a laudable endeavour to make merry with the ragged little ones of this great Metropolis, thus proving that some few sympathetic hearts are to be found to leaven even the huge selfishness of "London Society."

"ORANGES AND LEMONS."

"CHILDREN'S HAPPY EVENINGS," ORGANISED BY LADY DILKE AND OTHERS FOR POOR LONDON SCHOOL BOARD CHILDREN.

Joy for Our Queen.

It is pleasant to know that, in the midst of her grief for her old and faithful friend Lady Ely, the Queen has had the pleasure of hearing of her granddaughter's engagement (Princess Victoria of Prussia) to an amiable young German Prince—Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe. It is said that the family to which he belongs is very ancient, but, unfortunately, not very wealthy. Prince Adolphus, the fiancé of the young Princess, is the fourth son, so it is just possible that the Royal grandmamma will have to do something for the young couple. In addition to the news of the engagement, her Majesty has had the delight of welcoming home her son

The Duke of Connaught

and his popular wife from their long sojourn in India, and their delightful tour in Japan and Canada. All the members of the Royal family who were at Windsor, in addition to the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, were at the station to meet them; and I was told by an eyewitness that the delight of the beautiful little

Princess Margaret of Connaught,

who is quite the belle of the younger generation of the Royal family, was unbounded. She threw herself into her father's arms and kissed him over and over again. I believe it is generally understood that the Duke and Duchess will not leave England again.

It is but a week or two ago that I wrote upon

Household Management,

and I find that there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject. It is a curious fact that some people, no matter how large an income they may have to spend, are always in difficulties about money; but, as a matter of fact, the amount of income to be spent has nothing to do with capable and successful management. There are people in the world who would get more out of five hundred a year than others would out of a thousand. If you have £500 a year to spend, you ought not to go beyond £450, or, at the utmost, £480; and you should do your very best not to "muddle" away your money. It is better, for instance, to give £50 for one good picture than £25 for fifty daubs. I came upon the following smart saying lately, and it is so good I must quote it.

"A Wise Woman

once said, 'You talk about making both ends meet. My idea of good management is that they should tie in a handsome bow.'" That is very good advice, but, when the handsome bow is not possible, I think we should do our best to make the ends meet without tugging and straining, and to have a few inches over, at either side, to allow for

Wear and Tear.

Very few people seem to remember that when they exceed their incomes, and get into debt, they are really living upon others. Men and women who would not for worlds ask their tradespeople for the loan or gift of ten or twenty pounds have no scruple in taking goods to that amount. The homely saying "Bring your mind to your means" is so familiar that we see no wisdom in it; and, instead of acting upon it, we far more often try to bring our means to our mind. If Brown has a thousand a year to spend, Jones, I am sorry to say, tries to compete with him upon five hundred, and the result must be misery and discomfort, if not ruin. To learn doing without is one of the most important of lessons. I wish some of our good preachers would take it up instead of the subjects they din into our ears Sunday after Sunday. "It is natural," says one of our clever lady lecturers (Miss Barnett), "to all persons to possess themselves of everything that they see that takes their fancy;" and again, "The capacity possessed by some people for

Spending Large Sums

of money, yet having absolutely nothing to show for them, is so remarkable that it almost seems to point to an unusual gift." I do not know anything more delightful than to have what is called "a margin"; but indeed it is luxury few even very rich people seem to enjoy. The only way to have it is to learn to do without non-essentials; and the very fact that we have a margin, however small, is a proof that the income has been successfully managed. But, remember,

Small Useless Economies

are a fatal mistake. It is of no use to get your clothes spoiled and yourself soaking wet in order to save a cab-fare. That is a useless economy, and you will probably have to spend hundreds of cab-fares upon a doctor in order to cure the effects of the drenching you allowed yourself to get rather than take a cab home. Another time I may have something to say about "Where and How to Save."

MARGUERITE.

HIS MODEST ANSWER.

REEDER: "Is it true that it takes a genius to live with a genius?"

DE RUYTER: "I'll ask my wife when I go home."

A BAD LOT.

EVANGELIST: "Friend, are your lines cast in pleasant places?"

POET (sadly): "No; in the waste-basket, mostly."

Sir Morell Mackenzie is naturally greatly fatigued by the daily incursion of an increasing number of patients, and has accepted Major Pond's offer of a handsome sum for a series of lectures next autumn in the United States and Canada in the hope that change of scene and the Atlantic voyage may brace him for the winter. There can be no doubt that if Sir Morell Mackenzie could touch, however lightly, upon his intimate knowledge of the late Emperor Frederick, his lectures would be immensely successful.

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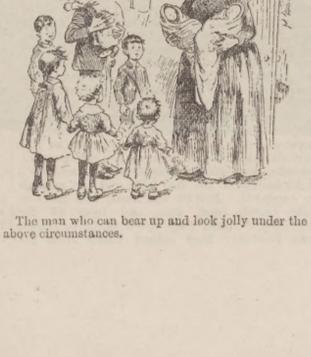

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GARDENING FOR JULY.

BY OUR OWN GARDENER.

Now perfect time of the year is over now—that is to say, the greater part of the sowing and planting, &c., for the season has been done, and there is a brief lull before the stress of daily work in the garden ere it becomes necessary to begin preparing for another season.

Roses

are in their glory this month, and delight us with their beauty and fragrance. Water them well when the ground is dry, but never by dribblets. Keep the beds clean, and cut every flower directly it begins to fade, if not before, for nothing exhausts plants of this kind more than the formation of seed.

Budding

may be commenced at any time now, and the sooner the better. The bark works splendidly in such weather, as we are now having, and healthy buds inserted within the next week or two, if they take well and are looked after, will often afford quite these nice flowers in the autumn.

Bedding Plants

are by this time nicely established by this time, and will begin to look very gay. Any that have not yet been planted in the ground should be kept moist, for all the time in dry weather most things will benefit more or less by a thorough soaking now and then, say once a week. But watering overhead with water—and, where either is scarce, rain water will effect a saving and yet answer the purpose is valuable. A layer—two inches or so thick—of cocoanut-fibre or leaf-mould spread all over the surface of the beds will accomplish the object of keeping the roots cool and moist, and thus prevent evaporation to a very great extent. This is called "mulching," and, to be most effectual, should be done when the soil is moist, as immediately after a shower. Keeping the surface of the beds constantly stirred with the hoe has the same effect, though in a less degree. Begin layering

Carnations

as soon as the shoots—technically termed "grass"—are long enough. The cut should be made with a sharp knife little more than half-through the shoot and in a slanting direction, the knife being inserted on the underside of the shoot at its lowest point, just where it touches the ground previous to being severed from the plant. Make the cut upwards and away from the plant, not towards it, passing through a joint, and taking care not to go too far. Peg the layer firmly into a little, nice, light, sandy soil, and keep it moist subsequently. Cuttings, formed of the shorter growths or side-shoots, will also root readily in sandy soil under a handlight or hand-glass, or even in a shady border without any protection.

Cuttings

of pinks, picotees, pansies, penstemons, and many other of this class will also now strike freely under favourable conditions. Seeds of

Hardy Biennials

and perennials, such as sweet-williams, Canterbury bells, hollyhocks, aquilegias, &c., must be sown at once if they are to flower next season. Sow the seed in well-prepared beds in the open air, and keep them moderately moist.

Foxgloves,

orlady's-fingers (digitalis), are exceedingly handsome. I always think the common, or wild, foxglove fully as beautiful as many hothouse plants, but some of the variously coloured hybrid or garden forms (Ivery's is an excellent strain) are still finer, and the pure-white variety is lovely. If sown immediately, these will flower next summer.

Asters,

stocks, zinnias, and other half-hardy annuals planted out last month are now growing rapidly, and should be kept fairly moist and free from weeds. All delight in deep, rich soil, and the former, particularly, are greatly benefited by the addition of an inch or so of fine, rich compost over the surface of the beds when in full growth. A good late batch of these, ready to plant out now, I find very useful: they come in to fill up gaps caused by early-sown annuals going out of flower, and a few reserve beds, in some out-of-the-way place, are very nice for supplying cut flowers, and thus saving the "show" beds in the flower garden proper.

Chrysanthemums

in pots should receive their final shift. Pot them firmly into 8-in. or 9-in. sizes, or very strong growers may have 10-in. pots. Plants that were cut down last month, or in May, will have broken into growth again, and must also be placed in the pots in which they are to flower. All are, of course, standing in the open air. Plants of all kinds in

Window Boxes

must be well supplied with water now, and a good shower overhead, morning and evening, in dry weather, will do them a world of good. If growing in pots they should have some weak liquid manure once or twice a week as well, and they will succeed much better if the pots are plunged in cocoanut-fibre. I like this plan myself, as they can be changed or rearranged as often as may be desired. The

Greenhouse

must now be very freely ventilated, both by day and night too, when fine and calm, and nearly everything in blossom be shaded from hot sun. The evening is the best time for watering at this season, but look the stock over and damp down on fine mornings as well, and if the day is hot they will very likely need another supply by noon. Any large plants of myrtles, abutilons, fuchsias, &c., may now be removed to a shady spot out of doors with advantage, and even azaleas and camellias like a change to the open air as soon as they have made sufficient growth and set their flower-buds. Sow seed of herbaceous calceolarias, also some more cineraria, and transfer these last, as well as Chinese primulas, sown in April or May, singly to small pots immediately.

Fruit Garden.

Strawberries are so heavily laden with fruit this season that, unless well supplied with water, the plants will be unable to swell up and perfect nearly all their fruit, especially as, though showery of late, there has been little rain to penetrate the soil. If the mulching of tan, &c., I advised last month has been applied, that, however, will greatly aid in keeping the roots moist and cool. The

Earliest Strawberry

is Black Prince, an old but much-neglected kind, with small fruit of a very rich, sweet flavour: it begins early, and continues in fruit until later than most, and is an excellent forcer. Then come Garibaldi, Keen's Seedling, La Grosse Sucrée, Marguerite (a very large variety), Sir J. Paxton, the delicious British Queen, President, the old Elton Pine, Sir C. Napier, and Unser Fritz, about the last, all ripening in very nearly the order in which they are given. Where pot plants are wanted for forcing, layering the runners should be commenced immediately. This is also a good time to make new plantations.

Raspberries

are also promising to be a heavy crop, at any rate where the soil is fairly heavy and moist. A good mulch of long manure will help them very much now.

Keep the secondary growths or sub-laterals of vines, both in and out of doors, well pinched back or rubbed out altogether, in order to concentrate all the strength of the plants upon perfecting the fruit.

Vegetable Garden.

Nice, fresh, crisp, and tender salad materials of any kind are now in great request, and a constant succession should be kept up. Lettuces ought to be plentiful by this time: to be tender, they must be kept moist at the root, and the best are usually those that are planted on the ridges between celery trenches. Put out a further supply of plants and sow more seed: the Brown Cos is one of the best kinds for autumn use.

Endive

may be sown in plenty now, and plants from seed sown last month pricked out as soon as they can be handled. These enjoy light rich soil and an open situation.

Radishes

cannot be grown too quickly, if they are to be crisp and mild, so give them deep rich soil and plenty of water. A sowing should be made every ten days or so.

Cucumbers,

also, should be grown as quickly as possible. They only require ventilation during the hottest hours of the day, but drench the house or pit with water two or three times every hot day, and shut up early.

Winter greens must be planted out without further delay. Sow turnips and mulch peas, beans, cauliflowers, &c., with long manure to keep the roots moist and save watering.

B. C. R.

A WARNING TO LIGHT YOUNG MEN: BEWARE OF BAGGY TROUSERS.

IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

"Among the most useful medicines that have been introduced within the last century is **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease, it has, in many instances, prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness. The effect of **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is marvellous. As a nursery medicine the **'FRUIT SALT'** is invaluable; instead of children disliking it, they look upon it rather in the light of a luxury. As a gentle aperient and a corrective in cases of any sort of over-indulgence in eating or drinking, **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** is all that is needful to restore freshness and vigour. In cases of Nervous Headache and Debility it is especially useful, and should be taken in all cases where persons suffer from a sluggish condition of the liver."—*Young Lady's Journal.*

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at Eno's "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

IMPORTANT TRADE-MARK JUDGMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS APPEAL, June 19, 1890.

Present: The Lord Chancellor, and Lords Watson, Herschell, Macnaghten, & Morris.

ENO *v.* DUNN.

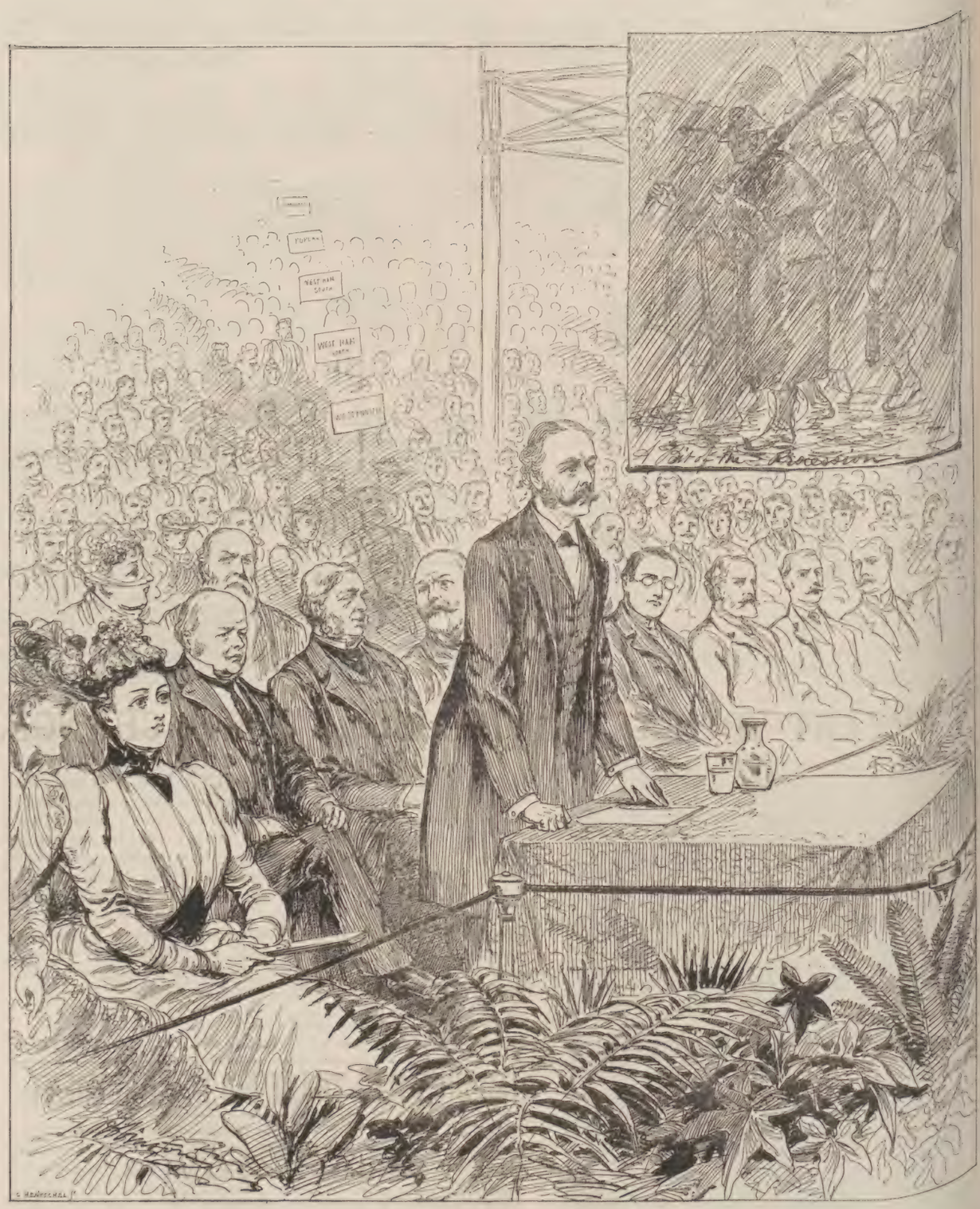
THIS was an appeal from a judgment of the Court of Appeal (reversing an order of Mr. Justice Kay), which was in favour of DUNN, the Respondent. The Appellant, ENO, was the registered owner of the trade-mark "ENO'S FRUIT SALT," which he first brought out in 1873. The Respondent described his preparation as "Dunn's Fruit Salt Baking Powder." In accordance with the decision of the majority of their Lordships, the judgment of the Court of Appeal was reversed, with costs (in both courts), and the decision of Mr. Justice Kay restored.

CAUTION.—ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

For the Protection of the Trade and ourselves we are compelled to give notice that we will immediately instruct our Solicitors to proceed against anyone infringing our rights or attempting any colourable imitation of our Labels or Wrappers.

June 24, 1890.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.



MR. BALFOUR ADDRESSING THE GREAT UNIONIST MEETING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A *P.I.P.* ARTIST was a busy unit of the many thousands who on Saturday last celebrated Coronation Day by attending a gigantic Unionist demonstration at the Crystal Palace, which is at this period of the year at the height of its beauty as an attactive place of holiday resort. Despite the rain, which fell at intervals in the afternoon and descended in torrents during the evening, nearly fifty thousand persons were present. The Metropolitan Conservative members held an "At Home," to meet some of her Majesty's Ministers. After this, there was a procession of Conservative associations and clubs and habitations of the Primrose League, with various illustrative features, one of which was of questionable taste—as may be judged from our Artist's Sketch of a part of the procession. Each of these, as they passed along the terrace with their banners, raised a hearty cheer when saluted by Mr. Balfour. After the procession, the Ministers present were entertained at dinner, under the presidency of Lord Radnor, only the toast of "The Queen" being proposed.

The Lord Chancellor (near whom sat Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, and Sir Algernon Borthwick) presided at a mass meeting held subsequently in the Centre Transept. The Handel Orchestra was filled by representatives of Conservative Associations and of the Primrose League, and the vast space in front was crowded with an enthusiastic throng.

Mr. Balfour had an ovation on rising to respond to a Resolution of confidence in the Government. Having ridiculed the rumour afloat as to a Ministerial crisis, he alluded to the opposition which had been offered to the Licensing Clauses, which he declared was both fictitious and factitious, and predicted that it would prevent any Party from touching the Temperance Question for the next twenty years. Having reviewed the work of the present Administration, he claimed that it had fulfilled its trust, and added that there were reforms which they still intended to carry out. Mr. Goschen and Lord Stanhope also replied to the Resolution.

A grand dinner is announced at the Royal Palace in Brussels in honour of the betrothal of Prince Baldwin, son of the Count of Flanders, to Princess Clementine.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of deafness and noises in the head of twenty-three years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it free to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford-square, London, W.C.—Advt.

ON THE CONTINONG.—V.

BY A COOK'S TOURIST.

OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

Ten, five or six thousand pilgrims, of all classes and all nationalities, whom I found crowded into the cottages of the Ober-Ammergau peasantry were awakened at five o'clock in the morning by the firing of a gun on the hillside. The hum of many voices told that the villagers were hastening to church before the great event of the day. It is necessary to call this preliminary service to mind for only by fully comprehending the intense religious earnestness of the people can one adequately realise the wonderful success of the Passion Play. Every garden and meadow has its crucifix, which tells of the sufferings and death of Jesus; every roadside, its prettily decorated shrine. And thus it is that during the performance the peasant spectators are melted in tears—some of them sobbing as if their hearts would break; while that portion of the audience which occupies the more costly seats—English, Americans, and Germans for the most part—remains, certainly not unmoved, but comparatively unaffected by the terrible tragedy of which it is a witness. Long before eight the immense wooden structure is crowded with its 4000 ticket-holders, while at least 2000 will have to wait for to-morrow's performance. In front of us is a large stage open to the sky, behind is a smaller stage, before which hangs a curtain. On the right is the house of Annas, the high-priest; on the left, the house of Pilate. To this must be added—and it is an imposing feature throughout—a background of green hills and blue sky, the singing of birds, the sights and sounds of rural nature. Next to the stage is the orchestra, composed entirely of peasants, whom we had several times seen playing in the streets, and on Sunday in the church.

CHRISTUS (JOSEPH MAIER).

JOHN (PETER RENDL).

Half the theatre—that part nearest the stage—is reserved, and this is occupied by the holders of cheap tickets, the practice of ordinary theatres being thus reversed. The ten-shilling, eight-shilling, and six-shilling seats are thus a long way from the stage; and those who wish to be within hearing a little—those who would fain be actually pierced by nails—will brave the discomforts of rain or sun, and select the exposed places in the orchestra.

But the booming once again of a cannon tells us that the play is about to begin. From the wings on either side a number of men and women, beautifully clothed in classic drapery, come forward and form a single file across the stage. The leader, or "choragus," exhorts to a devout contemplation of the scenes to follow, and a description of the salvation of the world through Christ's sacrifice. Then the chorus divides in the middle and falls back on either side, while the curtain rises on the first of the many beautiful tableaux. Before each of the seventeen acts of the drama there are one or more of these tableaux, for the most part representing scenes from the New history. The idea which it is sought to impress upon the audience is that all the great events of the Old Testament are but a prophecy and a foreshadowing of the events of the New. Thus, the falling of manna from heaven is typical of the bread and wine of the Last Supper; the rejection of Vashti and elevation of Esther by Ahasuerus is typical of the rejection, by the Almighty, of the Jews and the acceptance of the Gentiles. The slaying of Abel by his brother, the sacrifice of Isaac, and the affliction of Joseph are all meant to suggest obvious parallels to the life of Christ. None the less impressive are these tableaux in which the chorus elucidates the scene. No doubt ess there would be applause and cheering were it not that the whole audience, educated and uneducated alike, are almost from the very first seized with the sense that they are assisting at the most impressive religious ceremony it was ever their lot to witness. The music is, for the most part, the composition of an Ober-Ammergau organist, Johann Dedler, who lived at the beginning of the century, and there is but one opinion among the visitors here as to its remarkable attractiveness. And as for the tableaux! For the three or four minutes before the curtain drops one's eyes are completely absorbed in their contemplation. Now it is the fall of manna, now the rejection of Vashti, now the sale of Joseph into Egypt—in all alike the harmony of colour, the grouping of the figures, the every detail is perfect. It is not easy to believe that this portion of the Passion Play at least ever reached so splendid a point of art as in the present year. In the first place, there has been a much more lavish expenditure upon costumes and scenery than heretofore, and, in the second, the arrangements have been in the hands of Lautenschläger, the stage-manager of the Munich Court Theatre and Opera House. Yet, when all this is said, it remains a wonderful thing that dresses and stage management can do so much with such material. Here among the children bearing palm branches, or taking some other part in the scenes, are the little urchins to whom an hour before we have given a few coppers to show us our way. What can it be but the principle of heredity which makes them act so well, and which produces in them the very embodiment of gracefulness?

But we must leave this quite subsidiary part of the great drama, although it is one which would alone make Ober-Ammergau worth a visit during the present year, and turn to the great tragedy itself. It opens with the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, to the sound of rejoicing and singing of Hosannas. Men, women, and children crowd the busy thoroughfare, and in the centre, riding upon an ass, comes he who from the first moment to the last is the object of the devoutest interest, the tenderest sympathy—the Christ of Joseph Maier. Across the inner stage and out into the open wends the procession, and everyone is held spell-bound. And yet nothing is unfamiliar. It is as if a picture of one of the great masters had stepped from the canvas. This, indeed, it is which makes the thing so endurable—nay, fascinating. All the leading personages in the drama are clothed in the costumes with which the great Italian painters have familiarised us. At a glance one can tell that this is Peter, or John, or Judas, and so with the other characters.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate a play which has been made familiar by a thousand descriptions, every detail of which is so well known, and of which, indeed, the best text-book is the New Testament. It sufficeth to say that there are only two points in the tragedy at which we are awakened to the fact that we are in the nineteenth century, and not at the beginning of the Christian era. One is when Christ is driving the dealers out of the temple and overthrowing the tables of the money-changers, and the other when the Roman soldiers break the bones of the two thieves. There is nothing in Daisenberger's drama to lead up to the earlier scene, and so to impress one with the grandeur of Christ's protest against irreverence and greed. And with the thieves one somehow receives an impression of unreality. But of unreality elsewhere there is none. We see Christ in Bethany, in Gethsemane, before Annas and Caiaphas, before Pilate and Herod, and only in one scene could we conceive the great Teacher of Galilee otherwise than Maier has represented Him. Yet it is a mistake to speak of Maier as a great actor. Maier *looks* the part of the suffering Jesus, but in the one scene in which acting is required we do not get it. Surely not even Jesus went through the agony of that bitter struggle in Gethsemane in a manner so passive as Maier exhibits. His lifelong occupation of carving crucifixes has made Maier familiar with all aspects of physical suffering and resignation, but of the more complex emotions of spiritual torture he can know nothing. But in the later scenes, where resignation and endurance only are required, the part is perfectly portrayed. We see Christ before the sympathetic Pilate and before the scoffing Herod; we witness the mockery of the soldiers and the crowning with thorns; we see Him again on the way to Golgotha, and finally on the cross. All is painfully, indescribably real. The crucifixion scene, at least, will remain among the imperishable memories of all who have witnessed it, and will serve to bring home to the least devout-minded, as nothing else could, some comprehension of the deeper meaning of the Christian faith. For five-and-twenty minutes Christ is upon the cross, the blood streaming from His forehead, hands, and feet, a soldier pierces His side, the last words are uttered, and life seems to be extinct. After some discussion, Joseph of Arimathea begs the body, and the disciples, with Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus, bear it away to burial. The next scene gives us the Resurrection, and the final scene—not the least powerful and effective in this year's performance—the Ascension.

If it be said that the much-praised performance of Joseph Maier is here and there a little inadequate, the same can hardly be said of any other leading actor. The next most difficult part to play is that of Judas, which Lechner filled so effectively. Johann Zwink, the new Judas, is, perhaps, equally successful. Now and again he is a trifle stagey; but, on the whole, the character of Judas, with its impulsive treachery, its greed, and its remorse, are finely portrayed. The poorer and less educated part of the audience laugh once or twice at Judas, and nowhere else in the play. This has been thought to imply an adverse criticism on the actor, who is said at the rehearsal to have overdone his part. I conversed afterwards with some of the peasant audience, and I found that they laughed at the treachery of Judas to avoid weeping at the sufferings of Christ. Judas, it must be observed, is the second hero of the tragedy: he is to it what Satan is to the "Paradise Lost." Without him, moreover, there would be nothing to relieve the universal gloom; and so, to the Bavarian peasantry he takes the place which Lucifer and his attendant imps took in the earlier form of the Passion Play. The John of Peter Rendl, the Peter of Jacob Hett, the Pilate of Thomas Rendl, and the Caiaphas of Burgermeister Lang cannot be too highly praised. Excepting John, who is a good-looking youth of nineteen, all these men have taken the same parts in the last decade. But there is one performer in the play to whom more unqualified praise can be given than to any other. It is Fräulein Rosa Lang, whose impersonation of the Virgin Mary was pronounced by common consent the triumph of the whole day's performance. We see the mother's joy and pride in her Son, her sorrow at parting, her sympathy with Him in affliction, her supreme agony at the foot of the cross. Nowhere is there a word overcharged, strained, or affected. Never before has a woman borne away any of the honour pertaining to these Ammergau performances. The first place to-day, however, must be given to Rosa Lang.

Yet when, from the Christus himself to the veriest child in his train, there is so perfect and artistic a rendering of a great world-tragedy, it seems gratuitous to praise or blame. "The most wonderful thing I have ever seen" was the verdict of one of the visitors to the Passion Play of 1880. I am fully convinced that this judgment will be indorsed by ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors to the performance of the present year.

C. K. S.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS (ROSA LANG).

JUDAS (JOHANN ZWINK).

The Prince of Wales has fixed Thursday, July 24, for laying the foundation-stone of the new building for the Royal South London Ophthalmic Hospital, on which occasion the Princess of Wales has consented to receive purses containing £5 5s. and upwards for the Royal Foundation Fund.

Printing Machine Managers' Superannuation Fund.—On the first Saturday in July takes place an excursion of printing machinists to Ramsgate, Margate, and Canterbury, in aid of the funds of the above charity. The committee are enabled, through the kindness of the South-Eastern Railway Company, to provide accommodation on a most liberal scale. The excursion will be from Saturday to Wednesday inclusive—one, two, three, four, or five days, at the option of the ticket-holder—starting from Charing-cross, and taking up passengers at Cannon-street, London Bridge, and New-cross stations, and the fare, there and back, is 4s. 6d. for five days or 3s. 6d. for one day. The fund was established seventeen years ago to provide a small allowance to printing machine managers who, from age or blindness, become incapacitated from following their trade. Therefore, we trust that a benevolent and sympathising public will extend to this excellent institution that help and assistance which are so essential to the successful carrying out of its good work. Tickets and other information to be obtained of the various agents (see bills), or of Mr. D. D. Leahy, secretary, 134, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street, E.C. We sincerely hope the machinists will be favoured with fine weather for their excursion.

LIVER COMPLAINTS—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

CHANGE OF NAME.

THIS is an article not upon matrimonial change of name, but upon that change of name which some persons, of that sex who do not change their names on marriage, desire to effect. A private individual may change his name in four ways:—

First, if he have the means, he may do so by a special personal Act of Parliament, which gives him license to use a new name, but may not take away his right to use his original name.

Secondly, a man may change his name (if he be a person of sufficient importance) by application to one of her Majesty's Secretaries of State for a Royal license.

Thirdly, a name may be, and often is, changed by a deed which is called a "deed poll," and which is a short formal document stating that the person intends to change his name from that of A B to that of C D or A B C. An affidavit is then made of the signing and sealing of this document, which is enrolled in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, where a copy of the record can always be obtained. This is a formal and convenient method of changing a name. The cost of the whole would be about five or six pounds. It is desirable, however, to advertise the change of name in some leading newspaper. In the provinces the advertisement should also be inserted in a local newspaper.

Fourthly, a man may change his name merely by using a new name. There is nothing unlawful in this changing a name, although it is certainly not desirable to do it very often. A very learned Judge in the early part of this century said a name assumed by a young man, and adopted by all who know him, becomes as effectually his name as if he had obtained an Act of Parliament. It is, however, certainly desirable for persons who have any property to execute a deed poll, and have the change of name advertised.

Companies may change their names with the consent of three quarters of the members and of the Board of Trade, and Building Societies may change their names with the consent of three quarters of the members; but these changes of name must be duly notified.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK.—The document you refer to does not amount to an absolute bar to any proceedings by the mother in bastardy, but it would be a very important piece of evidence for the alleged father should any proceedings be taken against him.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The extract you give seems to create a joint tenancy in the two brothers, so that if one died the whole property would go to the other. If that be so, a deed should be executed to sever the joint tenancy. These points, however, depend upon the construction of the will, and you may not have extracted the whole of the material part, so that you had better consult a solicitor.

E. W.—The Chimney Sweeps Act of 1875 enacts that every person who carries on the trade or business of a chimney-sweeper without a license is guilty of an offence and liable to a penalty of ten shillings for the first offence and twenty shillings for subsequent offences. We do not think you could be convicted, if, as you seem to propose, you sweep chimneys merely for the fun of the thing, and make no charge. Of course you must not employ any other persons. Make your application in the proper form required by the Act of 1875, and insist upon the certificate being granted to you.

N. T.—The safest plan is to take a promissory note on duly stamped paper. An I O U could, however, be taken if it is merely an acknowledgment. Such an I O U requires no stamp. The fact that the borrower and lender are relatives makes no difference.

A. E. FOSTER.—Give the man a written notice, and, if he is a weekly tenant, the notice should be a proper week's notice to quit. If he does not go after the expiration of the notice, you can fasten the door against him when he is out, and refuse to let him re-enter. Call in the police if a breach of the peace is feared. LEX.

"Mrs. Leach's Family Dressmaker," for 2d. a month, serves as a handy guide to home dressmaking. It is published by Mr. R. S. Cartwright, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street—an office from which are also issued an excellent penny monthly in *Mrs. Leach's Children's and Young Ladies' Dressmaker*, and a capital twopenn'orth in *Mrs. Leach's Practical Work-Basket.*

A SHARP BARGAIN; OR, THE GERMAN IN AFRICA.

CYCLE & CAMERA

ANNOUNCEMENTS have been made for the Harrogate Camp meetings on Saturday and Monday, August Bank Holiday. One of the principal events will be the five-miles scratch race for the North of England Challenge Cup. But the most interesting item on the programme is the statement that, unless riders distinctly explain on the entry form their intention to use the pneumatic or cushion tyre, machines so fitted will not be allowed on the track. If this example were followed at all race meetings, the difficulty about the pneumatic tyre on the path would be done away with.

It is its success, probably, that inspired the American inventor who, according to report, has made an air-padded seat for cyclists' breeches. While this is a novelty, very much the same purpose it is supposed to serve was accomplished by an air saddle used in the very earliest years of cycling. It was not entirely successful, however—a fact proved by its gradual disuse and disappearance. Nowadays something very much better of the same kind might be made, as the needs of the cyclist are so much better understood. But hitherto no one has discovered a device by which air-filled cushions, used either as saddles or tyres, can be rid of their tendency to burst. An excellent saddle introduced, I think, for the first time this season (I have never seen one before) is covered with Dr. Jaeger's wool.

American doctors in solemn conclave have lately been giving their official approval to the cycle as a hygienic agent. We all know what Dr. Richardson thinks about it, so that it is interesting to hear an opinion on the subject from so learned an organisation as the Massachusetts Medical Society, holding its 109th annual meeting. Its recognition of the importance of cycling was shown by its invitation to the Pope Manufacturing Company to make an exhibit of cycles that they might be considered, first, for their hygienic qualities, and, secondly, for their practical usefulness to physicians making their rounds. Massachusetts' cyclists are rejoicing over the doctors' action in the matter. "An organisation like this," they say, "does not lightly pick up every fad and indorse it; and indorsement from such a body of men as compose the Massachusetts Medical Society means something, and in this case it means incalculable value to the cause of cycling." Let us hope so.

To-day (Saturday) no one will forget that the Royal meeting, which has been so talked about, and has, unfortunately, made its fair share of ill-feeling, comes off at Paddington. If records do not fly, sporting prophets will never more be believed in. In any case, there is bound to be good riding when Osmond, Synyer, Wood, Adams, and Archer compete in the same one-mile ordinary bicycle handicap, Jones, Leitch, Laurie, and A. Ducros in the same safety handicap, and Sansom, Bramson, and Schelteman-Beduin in the same tricycle handicap. No one should miss the meeting.

There is a portrait of Major KNOX-Holmes and his little granddaughter, on their tandem tricycle in front of the Anchor at Ripley, in the *St. Nicholas* for July, illustrating an article on "Cycling." Two other drawings of machines—one of a Hillman, Herbert, and Cooper's tandem bicycle, the other of the Beeston Humber tandem tricycle—illustrate the same paper, and there is also an excellent little diagram showing the position of the foot in pedalling.

The lanes of Buckinghamshire are very delightful just now. The other day I took my favourite run through Chalfont St. Peter's and Chalfont St. Giles, for another look at Milton's cottage, and then by Jordans, with the little forgotten (that is, by the general public) Friends' Meeting-House, and the quiet, elm-shaded graveyard where William Penn lies buried, with only a simple gravestone to mark the spot. It seems almost impossible to believe that these quaint, old-fashioned villages and silent lanes are within such easy reach of London. Take the ride the first Sunday you are in doubt as to where to go with your machine. N. C. U.

TRUSTWORTHY INFORMATION FOR EMIGRANTS.

THE July circulars, the annual penny handbooks, one on each colony with maps, and the emigration statutes and professional handbooks, price 3d. each (the whole being also bound together, price 2s.), issued by the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., show the present prospects of emigration to the Colonies. Male and female emigrants for

Queensland, Western Australia, the Cape and Natal,

may in certain cases obtain, through friends or employers of labour in those Colonies, passages at reduced rates. Queensland also offers free and assisted passages to unmarried female servants, sempstresses, miners, navvies, and farm labourers (but for male labour there is just now no demand in the colony), and Western Australia offers assisted passages to farmers with capital. Farmers and others with capital are wanted in all parts, female servants in Canada and Australasia, agricultural labourers in Australasia, and miners in

Tasmania and New Zealand.

There is no special demand for mechanics, except in some few localities, as for carpenters and bricklayers in Natal. The demand for mechanics in Cape Colony, to which attention was drawn in April, has since slackened, owing to the

Depression at the Transvaal Gold-Fields

and consequent return of large numbers of workmen to Cape Colony and Natal. Emigration of artisans to the Transvaal under present circumstances is not advised. It should be noted that it is too late in the year for men to go to Canada, unless they go to friends or have enough money to keep them through the winter.

"AN UNWILLING PARTNER."
From the Royal Academy Painting by A. J. Elder.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

SOLUBLE
EASILY DIGESTED
ECONOMICAL

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THOSE WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE WEAK.

"Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D."

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.

WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.

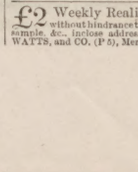
500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 10 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.

150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

THE BEST DYE IN THE WORLD for Eyebrows, and Hair on the Head. For Ladies' Hair, and for all colours. 3s. 6d.; post, 3s. 9d. ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit-street, W.C.

YOU WILL DO WELL TO DYE
If your Hair is Grey or Faded, but
BE SURE YOU USE ONLY THE
KARSWOOD HAIR DYE
which is Certain, Safe, and Least Trouble.



It is not a Restorer, but a fast permanent Dye, clean, perfect, one liquid only, easily applied, does not stain the towel, gradually produces any shade, from light golden brown to black.

The KARSWOOD HAIR DYE will not stain the skin when properly used. No lead, sulphur, or anything injurious to the hair or scalp.

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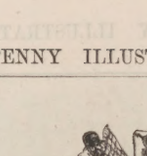

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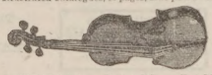

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A LIEUTENANT'S OPINION.

"4, St. James-place, London, S.W., Jan. 23, 1890.

"Dear Sir,—I cannot leave England without expressing to you my thanks for the successful result of your Electropathic treatment. "B. W. (Lieutenant R.M.)"

LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

CHARLES SEWELL, Esq., Cirencester, writes: "March 24.—I have worn one of your Electropathic Belts with the most satisfactory results, for, whereas I used to be constantly laid up with liver attacks and kidney disorders, I have been entirely free from such ever since I began to wear the Belt."

LIFE WORTH LIVING.

DAVID WOODS, Esq., 2, Spring-villas, Ilkestone: "Jan. 5, 1889.—I have felt much better since I have worn your Electropathic Belt. Whereas life was burdensome before wearing it, I can now enjoy myself, and think life worth living."

A BARRISTER'S OPINION.

F. ARTHUR SERLY, Esq., Barrister-at-law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab.), writing from Haywardsfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says: "I must testify to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. My vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. I have now regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health."

SCIATICA CURED.

"The Hill, Wickham Market, Aug. 23, 1889.

"Sir,—I am pleased to tell you the Electropathic Belt I had from you last April came quite up to, or beyond, my expectations, as I have been free from sciatic pain since the first week of wearing it, and should strongly recommend fellow-sufferers who have not applied to you to do so at once. You are at liberty to make what use of the above you please.—Faithfully yours, "C. CROWN."

A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION.

DELIVERANCE FROM PERPETUAL PAIN.

The Rev. WILLIAM JOHN EDGE, late Vicar of Holy Trinity, Upper Tooting, S.W., writes: "Having for some three years or more suffered from sciatica, which at length became almost intolerable, I was advised to purchase one of Mr. Harness' full-power Electropathic Belts, on the 16th of August last, which from that day forward I have persistently worn without intermission except at night. After three or four weeks the sciatica left me, and not only has never returned, but I may say with truth that, as far as my feelings are concerned, I am not conscious of the existence of a sciatic nerve! This deliverance from almost perpetual pain, which at times amounted to torture, I cannot but ascribe to your Electropathic Belt, and I feel bound thus to give public expression to my gratitude."

LUMBAGO CURED.

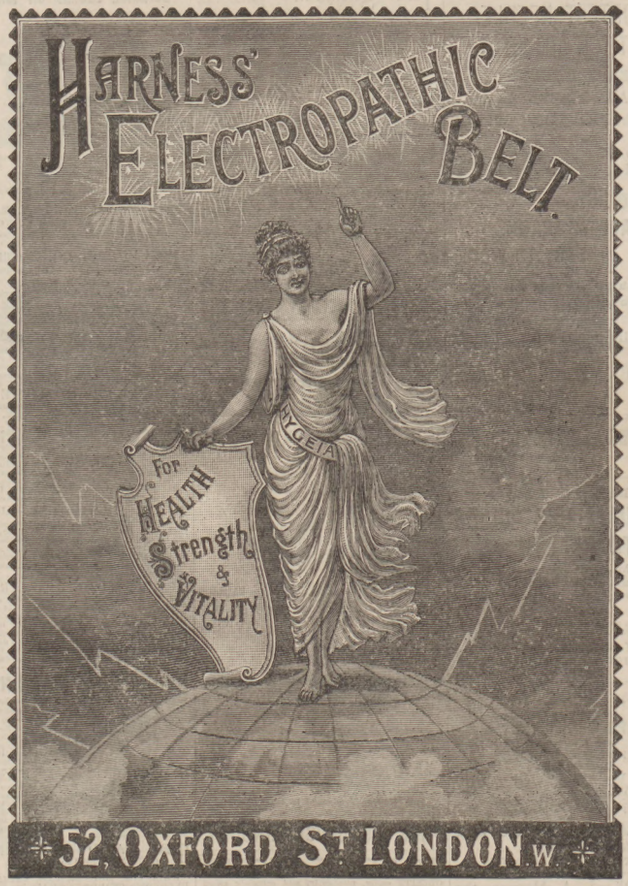
A STATIONMASTER'S LETTER.

Mr. J. B. CARNE, Stationmaster, L.B. and S.C. Railway, Clapham Junction Station, S.W., writes: "April 7, 1887.—I beg to thank you very much for the great benefit that I have derived from wearing your Electropathic Belt. I used to suffer with lumbago and pains in the back, both of which have now ceased. I have highly recommended the treatment to many friends."

EXTRACTS.

Mr. W. READ, Kilvarock-street, Queen's Park, W., writes: "March 25, 1889.—I have been completely cured of my painful Sciatica by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt."

JOSEPH KORN, Esq., Wilton-street, Liverpool, writes: "July 29, 1889.—The intense nervousness from which I have suffered has left me after wearing your Electropathic Belt during fourteen days."



52, OXFORD ST LONDON W

AN INVITATION TO WEAK MEN AND DELICATE WOMEN.

Before you waste any more time and money on nauseous drugs and quack medicines, **Mr. C. B. Harness**, the President of the British Association of Medical Electricians, invites you to pay a visit to the **Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.** (corner of Rathbone-place), where, by means of scientific experiments and testimonials, he will be able to prove to you conclusively that his world-famed **Electropathic Belts** can Cure and have Cured Thousands of the most obstinate cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Physical Debility, Melancholia, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Constipation, Indigestion, Neuralgia, &c. Harness' Electropathic Treatment needs only to be more widely known to be universally adopted, and it is for this reason that we are still advertising so largely. The surest proof of the success of our Treatment is that almost every patient who has adopted it has introduced several other sufferers. Harness' Electropathic Treatment is the most natural and certain means of obtaining Health, Strength, and Vital Energy.

All Communications treated as Strictly Private.

READ THE FOLLOWING CONVINCING TESTIMONIALS FROM LADIES

(*Selected from Thousands*).

WEAKNESS AND CONSTIPATION.

"Southernhay, Weston-super-Mare, March 22, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I have now worn your Electropathic Belt for six weeks, and the effect has been wonderful. All my weakness and internal weakness and constipation your Belt has cured, and I have disappeared. I know I can say my own feelings when I say that my nerve-power is much stronger, and I am altogether better.—Believe me, yours truly. "(Miss) M. E."

DEBILITY CURED.

"Beaufort House, Tenby, South Wales, Feb. 28, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I want to get an Electropathic Belt for my friend. Will you please send me a consultation form for her to fill up?

"Since wearing your Belt, which I procured from you, I find that my nerve-power is much stronger, and I am altogether better. "(Miss) M. E."

NEURALGIC HEADACHE.

"Woodview, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, Jan. 28, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the great benefit I have derived from the use of an Electropathic Belt. I have suffered intensely from neuralgic headache for years, but since wearing your appliance, purchased in October last, I have experienced marked relief. You are welcome to make what use of this letter as a true and unexaggerated account of the wonderful appliance has done for me.—Yours very truly, "Miss A. EVANS."

INDIGESTION.

Miss M. A. CLARE, 41, Southfield-street, Nelson-lane, writes: "Your Electropathic Belt has effected a remarkable change for the better. I feel quite a different person altogether.—Feb. 26, 1888.—I feel a great deal better since wearing your Electropathic Belt."

Mrs. E. HOLDER, 3, Arthur-street, Cambridge, writes: "March 20, 1889.—I have derived much benefit from your Electropathic Belt."

INTERNAL WEAKNESS.

ELIZABETH WINFIELD, 22, Granticl-street, Grantham, writes: "April 8, 1889.—I procured your Electropathic Belt on the 1st of January last, and have felt very much better in every way since. It is very comfortable and pleasant to wear."

RHEUMATIC FEVER.

Mrs. DORCAS WEDDELL, 92, Long-lane, Bermondsey, London, S.E., writes: "Jan. 3.—It gives me much pleasure to add my testimony to the great relief I have received from the use of your Electropathic Belts. Some seven years ago I was attacked with rheumatic fever, and have suffered very much from it since. So much so that only five weeks ago I was unable to turn in bed, having worn one of your Belts for three weeks I can now walk fortnightly without any assistance. Under no circumstances would I part from it."

EXTRACTS.

Miss EDITH HARRIS, 3, Albany-terrace, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, writes: "March 30, 1888.—Your Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Rheumatism."

Mrs. J. MUDFORD, 27, Church-street, Beaumaris, Anglesea, writes: "I have derived such great benefit from your Electropathic Belt that I would not be without it. It has quite cured my sciatica."

SCIATICA CURED.

A RECENT LETTER

from the Widow of a Medical Man who had suffered for years from Acute Sciatica:—

"44, Upper Belgrave-road, Pantbas Bwrw, Clifton, Bristol, Jan. 3, 1890.

"Clifton, Bristol, Jan. 3, 1890.

"Dear Sir,—I am quite certain that it will gratify you very much to know that the Electropathic Belt is doing me much good. The improvement is most marked in the past week, the pain being less severe at night, which I can assure you is a great blessing, as I have for six months suffered so dreadfully. I can thank you as being a great benefactor to the human race, and I trust that you are well. Please accept my most grateful thanks. "SYLVIA FORBES."

LADIES' AILMENTS.

Miss M. RAMSEY, 55, Westlock-street, Hoxton, N., writes: "The effect was wonderful: I feel like a different person."

Mrs. F. COVEN, Woodville, Sandford-road, Mossley, writes: March 7: "Since wearing your Electropathic Belt I am much better. Have had more sleep and less sickness."

SISTER GERTRUDE.

Sister MARY GERTRUDE, Mount Carmel Convent, Loughrea, county Galway, writes: "Feb. 27, 1890.—Since wearing your Electropathic Belt I have experienced a feeling of increased strength and vitality. My general health has also greatly improved."

Miss L. TURNER, 119, Gipsy-hill, Norwood, writes: "Jan. 28, 1890.—I had been suffering for nearly three years, and am much better since wearing the Belt. I feel much stronger, and my nerves. It is a great comfort."

BEWARE OF BOGUS TOY APPLIANCES occasionally advertised as Electric Batteries, &c., but which cannot possibly generate any Electricity.

RESIDENTS AT A DISTANCE, and those unable to call, should write at once for Pamphlet and Private Consultation Form before they forget it.

MR. C. B. HARNESS, the President of the Company, attends daily, together with their Physician, Surgeon, Electricians, and other officers. Consultation may be had in every case, Free of Charge, personally or by letter, on all matters Relating to Health and the Application of Curative Electricity.

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